

CINTHELIA;

A WOMAN OF TEN THOUSAND.

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OR,

A WOMAN OF TEN THOUSAND.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR D. DODD, STATIONERS-HALL.

1831.

ATTENTION

OR

A WOMAN OF THE THOUSAND

CINTHELIA;

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY GEORGE WALKER,

AUTHOR OF THEODORE CYPHON, &c. &c.

VOL. IV.

Qui est-ce qui trouvera une vaillante Femme ?
Car son prix surpasse de beaucoup les perles.

London:

PRINTED FOR B. CROSBY, STATIONERS'-COURT,
LUDGATE-STREET.

1797.

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Car son bel amour de beaucoup les honte.

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CINTHELIA.

CHAP. I.

In the monarch's quarrel bold,
Soldiers, for a scanty hire,
Parch'd by heat, or chill'd by cold,
Dart the jav'ling, launch the fire,
To immortalize his name,
Their's the toil,
His the spoil,
Their's the danger, his the fame.

JEFFREYS.

IT required more than female fortitude
to sustain the horrors of an engagement,
which burst upon them in all the tre-
mendous fury of destruction.

Every man was appointed to his post,
with matches lighted and breasts glowing

~~with ardor. The three frigates~~ flooded down upon them, with French colours, and fired a gun to bring them to: Captain Boyle, who waited ready with his trumpet, as ~~soon as they~~ were within hail, commanded them to strike to a British ship, but this bravo was only returned by a volley of small arms, which was answered by an huzza, and a broadside that made them reel. The other ships instantly brought their guns to bear, and the Captain found himself hemmed between a double fire, which was supported with spirit — “Bravo! bravo! “ my dear fellows!” cried the Captain, “ now for the glory of Old England! “ D—n it, if we strike as long as two “ planks flick together!”

“ Go it, go it!” cried the Major, in another part of the ship — “ give it them “ soundly! What the devil signifies “ their whizzing poppers—pour it upon “ them! Thunder and fury! that’s your “ fort,

"fort, my boys—Old England for ever!
" Ram the wadding home, and make it
" tell against their side—Fire low, my
" pretty fellows—Damn it, blow them
" out of the water!"

Thus encouraged by two men, who regarded death not the value of a rope's end, the sailors fought with the obstinacy of their native bull-dogs, while the sweat ran from every pore. The air gleamed with repeated volleys of fire—the heavens were darkened with the smoke, and an artificial thunder, more tremendous than nature produces, deafened the ear to the cries of the wounded, which were mingled with a thousand oaths, shouts, and commands.

At every broadside given and received, the vessel quivered like the recoil of a tightened bowstring—her decks were covered with the limbs of men, and her yards and masts came tumbling down

with a crash, or hung about their ears. Never was greater magnanimity displayed; and the true spirit of a British tar shone triumphant.

One man, who had been engaged in ramming the cartridge, had his arm struck off, and was ordered by the Major down to the Surgeon; but Jack, lifting up the other, swore he would not budge so long as he had any standing rigging, or a yard to square, for, if he could not load a gun, he had an arm to fire one.

Another fellow, involved in smoke, where the fire was thickest, working out a gun, had the brains of his companions dashed in his face, coolly observed, as he shook himself, That he never knew Dick throw away so much good sense in his life before.

During this confusion, when hell itself seemed to have conspired to raise a tempest

pest in nature, while Death waved his banners, in exultation of this display of human power, and beheld the sons of men butchering each other, amidst thunder, smoke, and fire, Cinthelia and Mrs. Jackson wept, in their little room, the horrors of war—Consternation was portrayed on their features, and every broadside struck them with a sensation of indescribable terror: they had not the spirit of action and example to rouse them out of themselves, and raise them superior to fear; but they were placed where *confused confusion* alone could reach them, and where they were nearly stifled with heat and the sulphureous smoke they inhaled.

The cries of the wretches under the hands of the surgeons also met their ears; and what was still more terrible, and to which those engaged were not liable, (as they knew from whence it proceeded, and was to them an incentive to courage), was

the dreadful noise the cannon made upon the boards, which seemed as if every plank of the ship was instantly parting, or violently torn asunder; every broadside, while it deafened them with the sound, shook them so violently, and with so unequal a motion, that they found it impossible to sit any where but on the floor, where they remained, pale as ashes, and without uttering a single word; indeed, so tremendous and dreadful was the din, that it seemed as if their heads were splitting, and bells founding at each ear. Perhaps the reader may conceive this a strange method of describing the effects of sound, but it is, nevertheless, literally true, and such as he would experience on a similar occasion.

In the midst of this furious fire, the enemy resting on their superiority, though astonished at the rashness of the Englishman in so obstinately continuing to contend

tend for victory, resolved on boarding them, as a certain means of success; and accordingly the ship, which hitherto had only raked them in passing, bore down under their bows, and grappling, attempted to board; but the Major, whose eye gleamed like a flash of fire, through the gloom, instantly put himself at the head of a party of his men, and fell upon the French with fury, the more irresistible, as it was nearer his own practice of fighting, and handled them so warmly with the bayonet and hatchet, that they were glad to retreat, and with much difficulty prevented being boarded in their turn, which the valour of the Major rashly attempted.

The fire of the enemy now insensibly slackened, and the Captain supposing they were tired of the fight, gave orders to silence the guns, it being madness to expect taking them; but the French, supposing he intended to strike, called

called out, that they would give him quarter, if he came aboard, or if not, they would sink him.

"Fire away," cried he, "my boys!
"Captain Boyse strike to a Frenchman!
"not as long as he has a gun to speak—
"Never flinch, my tight fellows—you
"shall have a month's pay extra, if we
"conquer—Let us conquer or die!
"Huzza!"

Three cheers answered for the spirit of the men, who instantly fired, without waiting for the word; but the Frenchmen, who had already tasted English cheer, began to veer about, their rigging not being much damaged, though their hulls were shattered and splintered, they bore away, and were enabled to escape, as the Captain had not power to bend a single sail, his masts being splintered, and all his standing rigging nearly cut away.

No

No figure could be more ridiculous than that of the Major: his large eyebrows and hair were powdered with the blue smoke of the sulphur, while his face was streaked with sweat, mingled with gunpowder; his clothes were torn, and sprinkled with blood, part from a wound he had received in the arm from a pike, and part in assisting the wounded men. In this trim he stood on the prow of the ship, muttering expressions of disappointment and anger at the escape of the enemy, looking with a regret upon the flight of his prey, which is not easily described.

The Mate, who had never been seen during the action, was now found killed with a musket shot in the cabin, and, owing to his cowardice, would have been thrown overboard, without ceremony, by the men, had not the Captain ordered the service to be read, observing, that poor Cooper had need of every help, in his
voyage

voyage to the next world, as he never steered by the compass of religion in this.

The recent action, which had filled Mobile with consternation, at first so much damped his spirits, that he threw himself upon a chest, where he sat in silence; but the fury of the fight increasing, he could scarcely contain himself, gnashing his teeth in transport, at the same time uttering a string of incoherent curses on his own head, when his fury was raised nearly to despair, by the tumbling of a sailor down the hold, who was killed by a ball, and fell plump on the shoulders of Mobile, who supposed it no other than Satan, come to carry him off in the universal confusion: he started up, uttering a variety of unintelligible ejaculations, and behaved so outrageously, that the amazon (who would gladly have worked herself at the guns) seized him by the collar, and shaking him

him violently, bade him go on deck, and lend a hand.

Poor Mobile, whose senses were in a violent ferment, never having been in any scene comparatively horrid, instinctively obeyed so peremptory a command, and, without knowing what he was doing, mounted the steps, and entered into action, in a station the Major pointed out to him, who, mistaking the effects of despair for the inspirations of courage, highly commended him *. The shouts, the action, and the labour, by degrees brought him to himself, and not being an absolute coward, he behaved with some degree of bravery.

* Left it should be supposed that I have exaggerated, I can assure the reader, that a young man, who had never before seen an engagement, being in the Indies, was stationed at a gun, which, during the whole battle, he loaded and fired, without being conscious of what he was doing, and totally unconscious of the scene round him.

Thus

Thus ended an action, which did honour to the British name, adding one more example of the unconquerable soul of a British seaman.

It was with great difficulty any sail could be bent on masts nearly shattered to splinters, and which threatened every minute to come down upon them. On deck every thing was torn to pieces, or damaged, and they lay almost a wreck upon the ocean, a situation the more terrible, as they were not within sight of land, and without assistance, must inevitably perish, no courage being equal to overcome impossibilities, or combat, successfully, the opposition of nature: however, to their relief, the next morning brought in sight several of their conforts, by whose assistance they were enabled to repair, in part, their damage, and steer for the land.

The smallest tempest would inevitably
have

have destroyed their crazy hull, but, fortunately, the wind fat steady, and favourable for the shore, where, after a few days, they arrived, to witness other scenes of distress and multiplied calamity.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Thy cottages with cruel flames consum'd,
 And the sad owner to destruction doom'd,
 Mangled with wounds, with pungent anguish torn,
 Or left to perish, naked and forlorn.
 What carnage reek'd upon the ruin'd plain;
 In every look destruction seemed to glare,
 Each heart was rack'd with horror and despair.

FALCONER.

THROUGH variety of untoward
 causes, nearly one half of the transports
 and seamen had perished, and so long
 had the residue been detained by contra-
 ry weather, that the spirit of the enter-
 prise languished, and their arrival at last,
 in so shattered a state, gave very little
 courage

CHAP.

courage to the troops at Charlestown, with whom they were incorporated. Cinthelia, deprived of the company of her amiable friend, Mrs. Jackson, who retired to her husband's quarters, found herself in a strange land, where every thing was new, and in a conquered town, where the English were beheld with an eye of jealousy.

It was with difficulty she procured herself a miserable lodging, which did little more than shelter her from the weather, though the rent was enormous, and the manners of the people little suitable to the refined and polite habits of a Londoner. To provide herself necessities, she was glad to take care of some officers linen, her husband finding all his pay too little to maintain himself, where every article of life was both scarce and dear, and hourly he repented the day in which he quitted England, to undergo

dergo the fatigues and hardships of military duty.

He was engaged in various foraging parties, where he learned to divest himself of fear—to raise above all the trifling feelings of humanity that might have suspended his sword from the throat of a sinking fellow-creature, and by degrees to acquire some portion of intrepidity.

Though involved in obscurity, the beauty of Cinthelia could not wholly conceal its attractions; and perhaps this might be a latent cause with the gentlemen of the army in preferring her to many others, who were equally glad to procure a living by their needle. Amongst others she was regarded with kindness by Colonel Owen, who began to make approaches towards gaining her affections, and not a little alarmed her by his assiduities, which, from one in his superior station, afforded food, at least, for

for scandal, and was the more difficult to oppose, the only man to whom with propriety she could fly for protection being under his command.

Their frequent expeditions into the surrounding country afforded her intervals of respite, though attended with the fear that Mobile might fall, a fear not arising from love, but from that shade of protection the name of husband held out, preventing any act of open violence. Indeed, she did not know how far her fears were well founded: for the Colonel, who had no suspicion that connivance might be procured by a bribe, and that, in truth, many of his visits were contrived by Mobile, sought every opportunity to put him decently out of the way. He was conscious that Cinthelia had no friend in the army, except it were the Major, and that, should her husband fall, she must be exposed to all the evils of a destitute state, in a country where, at present,

sent, she could not hope even, for pity, and must therefore, of absolute necessity, become an easy prey to any man, who held out to her the hand of protection. With this worthy design, (like a certain king of Israel), he promoted Mobile to the front of the battle, and frequently employed him on excursions of the greatest difficulty and danger, which so harassed the poor wretch, that his life became a burden he would willingly have resigned. Thus the very purpose, for which he had dragged Cinthelia from her children and her country, recoiled upon his own head: a punishment he did not foresee, and is one of those instances, which whisper to the pious the intervention of Providence, and seem to say, that the Almighty does not regard with indifference the children of men; but, being infinite, can with the same fecility hurl a world in its orbit, or direct the motion of a mite.

The

The hostility and desolation of the neighbouring country, in general prevented the women from accompanying the soldiers in their various excursions of destruction, none but the most masculine being equal to sustain a complication of fatigues and miseries that often sunk the hardiest veteran to the ground.

On Mobile's return from these expeditions he found the value of a woman like Cinthelia, who was ready to attend him, and even to offer the comfort of consolation, which fell from her tongue like the accents of some pitying angel: in truth, notwithstanding all the miseries he had brought upon her, she could not, unmoved, witness the sufferings he endured, or meet him with a distant and discouraging inquiry, at his return home, pale, emaciated, and jaded nearly to death. It was impossible a human soul should remain callous to goodness like this; and latterly he had conducted himself with
much

much more kindness, and seemed in silence to acknowledge his errors, and to seek shelter in the shade of her virtues.

To say truth, the army is an excellent school for scoundrels, and brings many a man to his senses, after having lost them in the whirl of debauchery and extravagance: starvation teaches him the virtue of oeconomy, and want of opportunity restrains him from other extravagance.—Happy, happy would it be for mankind, if the sons of riot and rapine were alone employed in butchering each other, if society could vomit forth the sons of ambition, and all who prey upon its vitals, into some wide plain, where all their brutal passions might have play, and mankind smile at their slaughter.—But what have the peaceful inhabitants of the village and the town to do with war?—is it not enough that they must give half their income to the support of that horrid distemper, but they must be
dragged

dragged away as its victims, and immolated at the shrine of ambition, pride, and peculation. Better would it be to pension the younger sons of large families, than provide for them by the destruction of mankind.

Mobile's scheme of plundering his fellow officers by *chance*, was frustrated by the activity of the service, and, when unemployed, he was glad to refresh himself by repose. The Colonel, finding all his advancements end in disappointment, and his overtures treated with uniform rejection, began to cool in his expectations of success, and being of an inconstant disposition, a failure was not a matter of serious concern, and he had only to find another pretty woman, to become equally enamoured; he was not like the indefatigable Sir Charles, who considered difficulties as so many stimulus to gratification, and that the chief pleasure was in the pursuit.

This

This cessation of his pretensions was, however, far from relieving Cinthelia, as she had hoped, from the persecutions of insidious designers, who now, as though the retreat of the Colonel had been a signal of attack, became candidates for her favour. Perplexed with their constant assiduities, which, to a woman of her modesty, were particularly disgusting, she determined, on no consideration, to remain behind, alone and unprotected, when her husband and the Major should attend Lord Cornwallis on his march through North Carolina, preferring all the hardships of an American campaign to the dangers of a garrison town.

What a picture of the miseries of mankind was thus spread open to her view; and a sense of her own partial sufferings was wholly absorbed in the mighty evils that opened to her sight. For several days their march was through a country smoking with the wreck of settlements and

villages : — plantations, orchards, and farms, appeared one promiscuous ruin, and it seemed as if the genii of desolation had swept the earth with her destructive hand. The houseless peasants were wandering here and there, to find food and shelter, and in the progress of a few days march, numbers of dead bodies were found scattered on the roads.

It was with extreme difficulty any forage could be procured, what the Americans could not remove being generally destroyed, that the English might receive no benefit. The country, in difficult places, was cut in deep ravines, or blocked up with trees; and when they advanced deeper into the wildernesses, hords of savages and riflemen hovered round them, frequently taking off a man, without any one being able to distinguish whence the shot came. In some parts they found the proper road broken up, and covered with fods, or blocked with trees,

trees, while a new road led them, perhaps, into a bog or swamp, where many of the army perished.

Exposed to the fatigues of an intricate and dangerous march, in an open waggon, Cinthelia experienced an accumulation of evils, the weather being so extremely sultry, that she was often near fainting away, and had before her objects little calculated to relieve her, many of the men actually dropping down upon the road. Sergeant Tanjore's wife seemed to support the march with firmness, equal to the stoutest veteran; or if she gave vent to complaint, it was in execrations at the Americans, who seemed resolved to avoid a close engagement.

At nights the damp, which arose through the straw of the tent, benumbed Cinthelia so, that she frequently feared losing the use of her limbs, and was under the necessity of sometimes recurring to spirituous

tuous liquors, as the only cordial which set the vital fluids in circulation. The general destruction that every where met the eye, and the frequent repetitions of the horrors of military warfare, rendered death so familiar, that she found herself indifferent to life; and to this species of indifference may be imputed much of the excesses committed by an army: the present moment seems all that they can claim, and every passion of the human heart impels forward to gratification—it becomes a matter of indifference, whether that gratification is attainable by justice, violence, or crime.

Passing through a dark forest, where the air seemed stagnated between the trees, the company surrounding Cinthelia were struck with an howl the most piercing imagination can conceive; it resembled not the cry of any wild beast, but was rather a complication of distressing sounds. The company immediately

halted, not knowing but it might be some signal to the enemy, as they hourly expected falling in with them.—No one would venture alone to examine whence the cries proceeded, till the Major, seconded by Mrs. Tanjore, offered his service, and began to beat up the thicket.

They had not proceeded many paces, when they found the sounds, as if from above them, similar to the cries of a man in torture, and the shrieks of various birds. “May I be ripped up alive,” said Tanjore, “if I don’t think ’tis the devil himself!” “but, burn him, let’s see if he can stand fire!” So saying, she instantly discharged a musket among the branches, at which a flight of birds arose, flapping their wings and screaming. The Major began to think they had engaged in a ludicrous adventure, no enemy except hawks, vultures, and crows appearing; but the next advance struck him with

indescribable

indescribable horror, and he stood still for a moment agast at the sight.

A naked negro was tied by his arms and legs on extended boughs, exposed to the heat of a burning sun, and lacerated in every part of his body by the birds, his eyes were pecked out, and the muscles of his breast so torn, that his heart was seen to pant.

“Water! water!” cried the miserable wretch, when the Major demanded how he came in that situation. “Will you have some gin,” said the Sergeant’s wife, in a tone softer than she generally spoke, but the Black still cried for water, and begged them to shoot him. After much difficulty, the Major gathered from him that he had been bribed by a royalist to murder his master, but being detected as he was preparing to commit the act, he had been punished in this inhuman manner.

“And such,” exclaimed the Major, “is the passion of revenge, when we possess the power—such is individual justice!” The tortured wretch had already hung near forty-eight hours, and being at the last gasp, could not possibly recover, which rendered it an act of humanity to put a period to his existence, five men firing upon him at once. Thus terminated this savage tragedy, which exhibits the difference between a citizen and a slave.

The termination of this day's march brought them to the banks of a river, which they had to ford, with the enemy planted before them, and apparently so strongly intrenched, that the attempt seemed nearly desperate. In this situation they halted, and till night set in, appeared employed in fixing their tents. A strong patrol was posted on the bank, and a few cannon planted on beds of sod, as though the design had been to dispute
the

the ford; meanwhile a strong detachment filed off through the woods, conducted by a guide, to secure another ford, which the enemy had neglected to defend.

When every thing was ready, a feint was made at the camp, by discharging the cannon and keeping up a musket fire, meanwhile a body of horse began to enter the water. The enemy, effectually deceived, returned the fire with constancy and vigour, galling the men severely; but such was their resolution, that they advanced intrepidly through the water, in the face of an heavy fire, which thinned their ranks, and threw them into some confusion; at the same time, with a rapid march, the main body of the army secured their passage over the river, and under favour of a deep wood, advanced nearly to the flank of the Americans before they were discovered by the scouts. Terrified at being

hemmed in between two fires, which now poured upon them, and uncertain of the number which had gained their rear, they gave way on all sides, before the cavalry, who had made good their landing, and the darkness of the night favoured their retreat.

The rear of the army had now time to pass at leisure; but it being thought expedient to follow up the recent advantage, all possible dispatch was exerted, the van setting out the instant they were formed. Several canoes had been found in the coves on the banks of the river, and in one of these Cinthelia passed over. The Major, ever employed, and always cool, drew up his men in order, as they landed, and hastened forward to join those already in pursuit. Distracted at the general confusion, and uncertain what would be the event, Cinthelia stood trembling on the side of the river, gazing with terror around her, on objects that

were

were rendered more wild by the light of the torches, which gleamed in every direction, the main object being now to terrify the enemy by a supposition of their number.

While she thus stood unable to determine what she should do, she was distinguished by Mobile, as he passed her, dripping with wet, having waded the river near breast deep in water—"What shall I do!" said Cinthelia—"O! Mr. Mobile, what a dreadful night is this! where am I to go?"

"My dear," replied he, in a softened voice, for his sufferings and her virtues had already begun a change in his manners, "I know not myself any thing—We are going to march up the country—can you support it? You will be safest with the main body; for, probably, we shall be obliged to retreat

“in our turn, or we may be flanked, and
“all murdered.”

“Take me with you, then !” said she,
wildly.—“ O, Providence, protect us in
“ this hour of horror !” As she uttered
this, and other exclamations, she laid hold
on the arm of her husband, who hurried
forward with the rest of his men, conti-
nuing a brisk march for near an hour.
Every moment random firing was heard
at a distance, in every direction, and
sometimes a ball came whistling over
their heads from a neighbouring thicket.
The deepest darkness covered the face of
the earth, and the wearied Cinthelia
could scarcely preserve herself from sink-
ing beneath so many complicated evils.

Jaded with the violence of their pro-
gress, and wounded in her feet by the
roughness of the roads, they entered a
little village, at some distance from the
main

main road, which the soldiers instantly resolved to plunder. In vain the officers endeavoured to reason them into humanity—the doors were wrenched open, and the unsuspecting inhabitants murdered in their beds. Mobile had shaken off his wife (who hung upon him as an heavy burden) when they entered the village, and Cinthelia, finding her strength nearly gone, sat down on the body of a tree, which lay at the entrance of the place. While she sat thus, she saw a party advance to a cottage before her in silence, amongst whom was Mrs. Tanjore—"You ought all to be ripped up alive," said she, "if you suffer any Yankee to escape, the height of a six-pennyworth of halfpence! D—n them, do 'em all up!" They then endeavoured to force the door, but it proved too strong for their efforts, having no weapons but their muskets, and were running for a torch to set it on fire, when the amazon proposed they should scale
the

the window, herself standing below to help them up: by this means they entered the house, and having, with their bayonets, murdered a man and his wife, they threw their child, an infant, into the street. Alarm had now awakened the terrified people, and those who were not murdered in cold blood ran, distracted and naked, with their children in their arms, through the village, filling the air with the most piercing screams: their houses were quickly in flames, and many wretched victims were smothered in the conflagration.

So barbarous, so inhuman a display of wanton malignity and cruelty, nearly suspended the faculties of Cinthelia in stupor and indescribable anguish—but the scene was too active to admit reflection.—While she sat a sad spectator, an Indian woman, with a child in her arms, ran shrieking towards her, pursued by a soldier, who knocked her down with the
but

but end of his piece, and she fell at the feet of Cinthelia, who besought him to spare her, in the wildest accents. The miscreant, unrelenting and unregarding her supplication, plunged his bayonet into the body of the woman, repeating the thrust, while she wreathed in anguish, twining her limbs round his legs.

"Hell hound," cried a voice Cinthelia knew to be the Major's, "desist, or you die! Is this courage, to murder the weak? is it manly to slaughter a woman?" At the same time, he presented a pistol to his head, and prevented his further cruelty; the woman, however, almost immediately expired. Cinthelia endeavoured to exert the small remains of her reason in preserving the child, which she took in her arms, *notwithstanding it was an ugly Black.* But now the alarm was given, that a party of the enemy had rallied, and driven back their pursuers, who were retreating

treating with trepidation.—With much difficulty the Major gathered up his men, but no persuasion could prevail on them to stand to their arms, each flying back the road he had come. The pursued now began to enter the village, some wounded, and some without their arms, which they had abandoned in their haste to fly.

Cinthelia, deserted by all her friends, expected every moment to be cut in pieces by the enemy, or served like the Indian, whose mangled body lay at her feet: she attempted to follow the troops, but her burden prevented her, and humanity struggled with self-preservation. Before she could decide a gentleman on horseback passed by, but seeing, by the light of the blazing houses, who it was, he turned round, desiring her to mount: she knew him to be Colonel Jackson, by his voice, and knowing also his humanity, informed him of her situation.

“ The

"The moment, madam," said he,
"admits no reasoning—" Our troops
"are flying in every direction—you have
"nothing to fear for the child which be-
"longs to the enemy, but, for yourself,
"you have every thing; you must,
"therefore, instantly accept my offer, or
"I must leave you to certain death!"
Thus determined, Cinthelia reluctantly
quitted the child, and mounting behind
the Colonel, they rode forward in haste.

The day by this time began to dawn,
and the army being more concentrated
by the return of straggling parties, they
were brought again to rally, and the ene-
my finding them superior, drew off with-
out any serious engagement.

This ended this trifling affair; and
the army found leisure to encamp, en-
trenching themselves in an angle be-
tween a swamp and the river, with a
breast-

breast-work of *chevaux de frise* before them.

Cinthelia now had a short respite to recover her dissipated spirits, and endeavour to resign herself to the horrors of her situation. The inhumanity of the foldiers had sunk her heart into despondency, and she fancied herself furrounded by men educated to murder. She had heard of the generosity of Englishmen—she had even witnessed some instances; but war seemed to have rendered their nature callous, and their bosoms worse than savage.

Having recruited their strength, and ravaged the country, they advanced forward near three days march, when, towards evening, the advanced guard, having gained a small rising ground, discovered the enemy strongly entrenched on the opposite hills: the army immediately halted,

halted, and their situation being the best for many miles (though far from eligible), they immediately began to form a strong breast-work of trees, with a deep fosse, and a platform of sunken spars, pointed and hardened in the fire.

This barricade was extended down the sides of the hill, forming at the top a species of obtuse angle, whose base was a rivulet at the bottom of the hill: behind and before was an open champaign country, and to the right a continuation of the immense forests which overrun America and darken the face of the land. By the situation of the Americans, they seemed determined to bring the quarrel to an issue, and possessing the commanding heights, they threw, at intervals, some balls and shells within the boundary of intrenchment.

The first night was passed in perpetual anxiety and expectation, every man standing

standing to his arms, or working at the fortifications, by which diligence, when day broke, they had mounted three batteries, and rendered their situation tolerably secure. The next day the enemy continued perfectly quiet, and Cinthelia, who had been again restored to her former friend, Mrs. Jackson, began to hope the Americans would content themselves without fighting; in the dead of the night, however, the alarm was beat from all quarters; the men, half awake and half naked, flew to their arms in terrible confusion, and the officers were seen running about with their drawn swords, conjuring and commanding them to their stations.

A tremendous discharge of heavy artillery broke upon them from several cross batteries mounted on the neighbouring heights, and the enemy advanced with intrepidity to storm the lines. The batteries which had been erected opened
upon

upon them with dreadful fury, and incessant volleys of musket shot rained down on them without intermission. The air gleamed as if on fire, the discharges following each other with a rapidity that denied the intervention of a moment.—Notwithstanding the horrid slaughter the cannon made in the ranks, mowing them down by dozens, the enemy still rushed forward into the vacancies, and, in defiance of a perpetual stream of fire, which vomited balls and death in torrents upon them, they advanced to the breast-work, pulling up the palisades and the sunken stakes. The fire of the musketry slackened, and the passage was disputed at the point of the bayonet, with obstinacy that did credit to both sides. After repeatedly charging and falling back the enemy were finally repulsed, suffering in a retreat, under the mouths of cannon which roared upon them down the hill.

During this glorious display of human

man excellence, Cinthelia and Mrs. Jackson sat upon a bed of straw, leaning upon each other, sick with horror, not so much for their own danger as at the almost indescribable scene that was transacting.—The thunder of the cannon, the shouts of the soldiers, the clashing of the muskets, the whistling of the balls, and the bursting of shells, combined at once to add terrors to a night alone illumined by the flashes of the firing and a few torches. Several balls rushed through the canvas of the tent where they sat, and a dog was killed, as he stood howling and trembling at the door, by the bursting of a shell.

The morning arose in splendor upon the fields, and glittered over the towering forests, exhibiting the exploits of the night, in the carnage of near five thousand human beings, who were promiscuously mingled together on the sides of the hill, which was died with streams of blood.

blood.—The surgeons, with a company of men, and a few hurdles, waded through heaps of mangled carcases, selecting those who were only slightly wounded, or appeared to promise speedy recovery, while others, that were mortally wounded, were passed over as dead, or pistoled, and thrown together into large pits dug for the purpose: what appeared most singular was, that the enemy gave their assistance to the work, conversing, at the same time, as familiarly as a company of country grave diggers.

CHAP. III.

DURING several days no memorable action took place, when the English, having received considerable reinforcements, proposed in turn to storm the lines of the enemy; but from this plan they were diverted, by learning from some deserters their intention of coming to a regular engagement; and accordingly, on the following morning, as soon as the first dawn of light allowed them to distinguish objects, they perceived them filing into the plain in various directions.

It was not the desire of the English to refuse this invitation to battle, and accordingly the word was given, and the requisite dispositions taken. The

army

army was drawn out in three grand divisions, with a formidable artillery in the openings; a body of horse, commanded by a General, had orders, if possible, to flank the enemy, and a corps de reserve, commanded by Colonel Jackson, remained in the rear, as well to prevent the army flying, as to second any emergency, or cover an inevitable retreat. The enemy's cavalry appeared in front of their wings, extending far beyond the English front, while their army was in some sort covered by several batteries, which played from their fortifications on the hills.

The morning arose with all the splendor of summer, and the sun glittered on the forest of polished muskets, which waved in threatening array down the hill into the plain: the bands of music struck up, the colours floated in the air, and a few drams of brandy inspired the soldiers with courage truly heroic. Cinthelia and Mrs. Jackson bade adieu to
their

their respective husbands with tears, and stood upon the hill, leaning against the fence, with terror, anxiety, and apprehension. The charms of nature shone not for them. The martial music sounded in their ears as the tocsin of death, and tears streamed from their eyes, at the gaudy parade of military grandeur, as it passed; for, despoiled of its exterior pomp, it appeared as a procession to sacrifice, and the unthinking soldiers as so many victims of ambition. In excuse for these reflections, let it be remembered, that they were women uninspired with the charms of glory, and unacquainted with the exalted delight of being victorious in a field of slaughter.

Their souls were incapable of that true military gust, which enjoys an universal carnage of the human species, and inspired a Macedonian hero and a Charles XII. with such immortal projects; in fact, they were more fit to increase the population

population of a state, than to turn a smiling and fertile province into a desert.

The armies being drawn up in the form already premised, the enemy's horse, by a rapid and extensive evolution, aimed at inclosing the wings of the English, who advanced with an heavy and well directed fire, causing in the opposite ranks some little confusion; but quickly recovering, they returned it with firmness, and advanced with vigour.—

The English officers were particularly galled by the riflemen, whose aim was rarely taken wrong. The wild Indians, on both sides, rejoicing to see the long knives butchering each other, rushed in with their tomahawks, hewing and hasting their foes in a singular manner; the horse and foot closed in together, and the bayonet did more execution than the ball; as the foremost ranks were cut down, and trod to pieces, others advanced

ced in their places; here and there horses were seen, wounded, and rolling in anguish over their riders, whom they crushed to atoms beneath them; clouds of smook and dust mingled in the air, and clouded the brilliant exploits of many an hero, whose fame was thus forever buried in oblivion.

The body of horse, who had wheeled round to gain the rear of the enemy, had been intercepted by a party on a similar design; and rushing upon each other with velocity, and a shock that was dreadful, the battle became at once general and bloody, being contested with an obstinacy and vigour, that declared the resolution of the Americans in their cause, or that they, at least, inherited a portion of the spirit of their ancestors.

While the battle raged with violence, and exertions of astonishing spirit were performed, beneath a sun, whose burn-

ing rays darted down upon them so intensely violent, that many men were actually suffocated in the rear of the ranks, Cinthelia and Mrs. Jackson stood sad and speechless spectators, every feature distorted by the agony of despair, and every passion stretched on the rack of torturing uncertainty. A dead and awful silence reigned in the camp, every one waiting in fearful suspense, now making motions of joy, when the English seemed to advance upon the enemy, and then turning pale with despair, when they appeared in turn to retreat. The cries and shouts only reached them faintly, at intervals on the breeze, though the firing of the cannon thundered in their ears, and was echoed through the arch of the heavens. Surely no situation on earth is so peculiarly interesting, as that of standing an inactive spectator of a battle, which is to decide our fate, and which does not depend on any action of our own, though at the same time, we

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feel as if our arm might save or destroy, and are fixed to one spot, in all the torture of anxiety, without the bustle and confusion to deaden the keen feelings of the soul, and raise it superior to every form of danger.

At length the right wing of the English visibly began to give ground: the reserve had been required to support the centre, and as the enemy pressed down upon them with a fresh body of horse, charging with impetuous vigour and execution, the ranks were broke, and the most shocking confusion took place, every one flying in the utmost distraction: the cavalry of the enemy pursued and cut them down, without mercy: the ladies turned away their eyes, (which were nearly dim, with gazing so long on distant objects), unable to behold men hewed to peices in every form, and cut down like the underwood of a forest. The panic reached the camp, and every

man

man thought of little but flight ; some ran to plunder the stores, and some, in the wildness of distraction, dressed themselves in the officers clothes.

The servant of Colonel Jackson, covered with dust, and wounded, arrived full gallop in the camp — “ Madam,” cried he to his lady, “ there is not a moment to stay ; the enemy have turned and routed the right wing, and will be upon us in a moment.” Without waiting to say more, he rushed forward into his master’s tent, and seizing his portmantua, turned out the linen, replacing it with all the plate he could lay his hands on ; he then ran into a general’s marque, and ripping open his baggage, carried off his plate, watch, jewels, &c. and running back, secured his plunder in the portmantua.

Cinthelia had led Mrs. Jackson into the tent, and now besought the man to
beguido D 2 tell

tell them how he had left his master; but while they gazed upon him with astonishment, he coolly continued his employ, observing, it was better to carry away the bullion himself, than let it fall into the hands of the enemy; at the same time whistling a tune, he fastened his pillage on the horse, and mounting, spurred away as fast as the beast would go under so unusual a weight.

Various stragglers now came in, tumbling over each other, and most of those on horseback hastened forward, without waiting to defend the camp, while the ladies stood, trembling, every moment expecting the Americans would rush in upon them.

The flying soldiers, who considered their destruction as inevitable, no longer obeyed any command, behaving with the violence of despair, even plundering their own camp of articles they were obliged

obliged to throw down again, before they could pass the rivulet. Two or three coming up to Cinthelia and Mrs. Jackson, caught them in their arms, and kissed them by force, nor was it without extreme exertion, aided by despair, that they could liberate themselves from their embraces, which, probably, depended as much on their personal danger, as the struggles of the ladies.

Cinthelia, who in imminent danger possessed particular coolness and resolution, snatched up a brace of pistols, which lay in the Colonel's tent, and giving Mrs. Jackson one, intimidated the soldiers from further insult, and encouraging her to proceed to where they might see the extent of their danger. Vast numbers came pouring in, many of them dangerously wounded; amongst the latter of whom was Colonel Owen, which determined him to fly; but though it damped his courage, it had not destroyed his gallantry,

gallantry, politely offering Cinthelia a seat behind him, which, in this emergency, she would have accepted, could Mrs. Jackson have been equally accommodated; but as that could not be, she refused to desert her friend, and the Colonel rode forward.

They now distinguished Major Watson, by his dress, slowly retreating up the hill, now endeavouring to rally, and then going forward, when he found himself unregarded.—An American Indian ran towards him with velocity, and aimed his tomahawk at him, when the Major, with his usual coolness, sent a brace of bullets through his head, and walking on, loaded again as he went. He now entered the camp, once more endeavouring to rally the men, drawing up many in their ranks, who commenced a musket fire, and the cannon of the batteries once more opened upon the enemy. Notwithstanding this, the event was every moment

ment more doubtful, such confusion of smoke and dust filled the air, which a contrary wind sent towards the camp, the fate of the rest of the army was unknown; and though the Major, and several gallant officers, exerted every effort of example and words, they could not preserve the requisite order, and the Major began to despair of retrieving the misfortune of the day: he ran from one station to another, pointing out to the men the impossibility of retreat, with an open country before them, and in his progress meeting the ladies, he stopped a few moments to give them encouragement.

“ You see,” said he, “ what a dreadful
“ day this is likely to be; if our camp is
“ carried, every thing will be lost, and
“ in the first fury of the plunder, I fear
“ you may not escape, as our army has
“ certainly committed barbarous ex-
“ cesses, and the enemy are inveterate
“ against

“ against us; I advise you, therefore, to
“ mount a horse, if you can find one,
“ and fly with those who have gone be-
“ fore: for myself, I will not turn my
“ back from the camp, till our General
“ himself shall set the example.”

So saying he hastened from them, and his counsel being indisputable, they mounted on two of the baggage horses, joining the rest of the routed, who turned to the left into the woods. The enemy pursued them round the bottom of the hill, severely galling them with their rifle pieces, frequently bringing down a man at full gallop. The infantry shared the worst, not having equal advantage in flight, and the day was so sultry, that many fell down while running, and were either cut in pieces or taken prisoners*.

The

(* NOTE, for a battle something similar, see Chastellux's Travels, vol. i. p. 64.)

The ladies, nearly overcome with fear, fatigue, and heat, continued to ride forward with exertion that surprised many of the men. Mrs. Jackson, as she was leaping over a deep ravine, had her cap shot away by a rifle ball. After many narrow escapes they arrived at the forest, where several of the cavalry halted, till their number amounted to upwards of fifty, and then proceeded to penetrate the woods, where a few of their party had ventured alone. All the infantry were distanced, and the enemy were checked in their pursuit, by massacring those who did not beg for quarter.

They had not proceeded many miles when they were struck with horror at the sight of several of their companions, who had unfortunately fallen in with a party of Indians, by whom they had been murdered and scalped; a little further, they found the servant who had plundered the plate at the beginning of the

the rout; he was lying on the ground, his legs and arms broke, and his head scalped—he uttered the most piercing cries, and besought them earnestly to shoot him, a favour which was immediately granted; near him lay some fragments of the plunder, which had, probably, so retarded him in his flight, that he could not make good his retreat. The party now began to think themselves nearly out of danger, as they were no longer annoyed by the random shots, nor could they longer distinguish the sounds of the cannon.

Joined by several stragglers, and by Colonel Owen, they amounted in number to more than an hundred, continuing to ride forward; the fear of danger superseding the feelings of fatigue, they stopped not a moment till about eight in the evening, when they entered a savanna, in the midst of which was a plantation, and a large wooden dwelling house,

house, which promised them much better entertainment than they had had reason to expect. The inhabitants, at the first appearance of their approach, deserted their abode, seeking shelter in the woods. The company instantly made an entrance, in the military style, and the fine fruit, which hung blushing on the boughs, was very soon stripped, to quench the thirst of the nearly exhausted company. In the house was found a table ready set out, with a large ham, roast beef, and turkies, likewise vegetables and cheese, a treat they had not expected, after the miseries of the day. One or two ransacked the cellars, where they found a quantity of brandy and wine, which they brought up, congratulating each other on their good fortune.

They had, however, scarcely arranged themselves, when they heard the sentinels give the alarm, and a moment after several musket bullets whistled in at the windows:

windows: every one flew to seize his arms, and discovering from the window that they were surrounded by a party of French and Americans, amounting to near two hundred, they set about making the best possible defence. The bottom of the house was instantly barricadoed with the furniture, and a party stationed below, with their swords drawn, to repel any attempt at entrance; the rest drew up in form on the first floor, by way of embankment placing the large deal table, and some loose boards, before the windows, in at which a smart shower of bullets rattled. Cinthelia and Mrs. Jackson, together with half a dozen of the men, stood behind loading the muskets, and then handing them to those employed in firing, by which means the discharges were not intermitted a moment. Mrs. Jackson soon sunk beneath her employ, but Cinthelia, though the sweat and exertion obliged her to strip off her gown, continued at her station.

The

The enemy, surpris'd at so obstinate a resistance, determin'd to set fire to the house, notwithstanding the entreaty of the owner, who had conducted them to the English; accordingly some quick match was thrown upon the roof, composed of light shingles, so extremely dry, from the heat of the weather, that it was instantly in a blaze, and the wind inverting the flames, roll'd them in at the windows in volleys. Mrs. Jackson fainted, and the whole became a scene of confusion: no choice of action remained—the bottom door was thrown open, at which the little army sallied out, sword in hand, animated by courage, and desperate, from the nature of their situation: the enemy received them with a phalanx of bayonets, upon which the English precipitated themselves, like so many frantic lions—the first ranks, by their weight, and the confusion they created, in preventing the bayonets from moving, made way, by their death, for those

those behind, who, mounting on the bodies of their slaughtered friends, cut the enemy so dreadfully in the face, that they gave back, unable to support the shock.

Having gained a clearer ground, the contest became more equal, though that the English should conquer appeared impossible; when, to their relief, a party of infantry entered the savanna, headed by the gallant Colonel Jackson, who had come in pursuit of his wife.—Cinthelia had, with astonishing exertion, aided by Colonel Owen, as well as his wound would permit, dragged her friend from the flames, as they spread with horrid crackings to the room, and having seated her in the garden, she revived, by degrees, to a consciousness of surrounding objects. She recovered, however, only to witness greater calamity, in the death of her husband, who was unfortunately shot, as he charged the enemy in the rear, though they were instantly routed,

routed, and pursued to the wood, with so great a slaughter, that not more than fifty escaped.

Mrs. Jackson, at sight of her husband's fall, relapsed into insensibility, to the terror and distress of Cinthelia, who, singly and alone, was unable to support her, and assistance was very reluctantly given, by men who had their own safety to provide for, and who were exhausted and wounded, at a distance from their camp, and in a place of the greatest danger; nor could the house now afford them either refreshment or shelter, being a heap of ashes: but, exhausted as they were, revenge inspired them with alacrity sufficient to burn and destroy the garden, orchard, and corn stacks, as a reward to the treachery of the owner; even the fruit trees they split and tore in pieces with mischievous wantonness, and scarce a blade of grass escaped destruction.

From

From the new comers it was learned, that the success of the battle had been nearly equal, that the centre of the enemy, and their right wing, had been driven back to their intrenchments, which were, however, too well manned to be carried; and that the army had withdrawn in excellent order, regaining the camp on the hill.

The horses had been so maimed by the enemy, that very few were found serviceable, on one of which Mrs. Jackson was, with difficulty, supported by a trooper, who, for a promised sum of money, undertook the charge. Night, however, overtook them in the depth of the forest, through which, at any time, it was nearly impossible to penetrate: the party were obliged to halt, and formed beds of the boughs. Sentinels were placed, to prevent any sudden incursion, the enemy being still suspected to hover round them, in the depths of the forest. In

from

this

this situation sleep was a stranger to the eyes of Cinthelia, for though her strength was greatly exhausted, and her spirits sunk, the situation of her friend required all her care; but, at a distance from every requisite assistance, wanting even a morsel of food, and a drop of water, it was impossible to recover nature from the shock she had received, and under which she sunk. The delicate constitution of her body, and the sensibility of her soul, both were wounded, and, after repeated faintings, she sighed out her life, in the arms of the heart-sick Cinthelia. The chill cold drops of the night distilled from her garments, the keen wind cut her to the soul, and, having lost her gown during the heat of the action, the sudden changes she had undergone, during the violent emotions of the day, struck into her blood, and alternately she shivered with cold, or burnt with heat. Her senses seemed bewildered and confused, though sleep refused

refused its assistance; even the remembrance of her children appeared as a distant dream, and she faintly prayed that heaven would permit her to die upon the body of her friend.

Her soul sickened within her at the scenes which crowded to her memory; the devastation of the soldiers excited a shudder at their name, and the prospect of yet continuing with so inhuman, so brutalized a class of beings, held out the prospect of death as infinitely desirable.

Such were her reflections, during this fearful night, and it was with extreme difficulty she could rise in the morning from the ground, her stagnate spirits refusing to animate her limbs. At the request of Colonel Owen, her friend, being already cold and stiff, was interred, to preserve her from the prowling beasts of prey, till a more decent funeral could

be

be performed. With an exertion that was nearly mechanical, she continued to walk forward, this part of the wood being so entangled and matted, that the horses were rendered useless; but that they might not benefit the enemy, in compliance with the cruel policy of war, they were shot, one of them serving for breakfast, cut into slices and broiled.— Of this meal, Cinthelia, with rising disgust, partly partook, not having tasted, since the preceding morning, except a morsel of turkey, she had scarcely had time to swallow.

After a dreadfully painful march, many being severely wounded, they arrived at length at the camp, where they found every one in motion, part of the troops being already on their march, the enemy having decamped in the night.

Cinthelia was too ill to move farther, and sinking down upon some trunks that lay

lay ready for removal, she entreated, with tears in her eyes, that they would suffer her to die. Mobile having procured her a glass of wine, her spirits for a moment refreshed, and she was lifted into her station, in a baggage waggon, amongst noisy children, and cumbersome luggage, while every motion seemed to dislocate her frame. The lethargy, however, continued to wrap her senses in mists, the fever spread its burning heat through every vein, and by the time they halted at night, on the borders of a forest, she was totally delirious.

Mobile exhibited some signs of compassion at her situation, and even reproached himself with having dragged her from England, to perish in the inhospitable regions of an American wilderness, it being equally impossible to send her back, as to carry her forward, with any chance of life. In this situation Mobile applied to the Major, who,
with

with his usual activity, was appointing his men their stations, and giving them precautions, in a country big with peculiar danger. "What can I do, Major, with my wife?" said Mobile; "the fatigues of the last two days have been too much for her, and I fear she will not survive it."

"How!" cried he, with something like absence of mind, and clasping his hand on his sword, as though he had received an injury. "Perhaps you wish her dead, but she shan't!" Then recollecting his own folly, he smiled, observing, that had any other enemy than death come upon him, he should not have been taken by surprise. Then bidding Mobile desire her to keep up her spirits, if she intended to make a campaign with Major Watson, he promised the first leisure moment to attend her.

Poor Cinthelia, burnt by an internal
fire,

fire, ceased to be sensible of all that was passing in this delightful world, no longer remembering the miseries she had suffered; she lay upon some straw in the tent, totally light headed, her lips moving, but without forming a sound.

When the Major entered the tent, he shrunk half back at her altered figure; but recollecting his courage, with an hem, he advanced towards her with cautious silence. — Mobile was sitting on a knapsack beside her, cursing himself, and contemplating, with returning love, the form he had so cruelly abused, and which now he seemed about to lose, arose to all its original value.

“Speak to me, my dearest Cinthelia!” said the Major, as he bent over her; “let me hear the sound of thy cheering voice?” But Cinthelia heard him not, though her lips seemed to form an answer.

answer.—“ I believe,” said the Major, turning to Mobile—“ I believe I am in
“ love with your wife.—Believe me, sir,
“ I should not be so weak in a field of
“ battle; but sickness is—hem! I, I
“ wish you good night.”

Such was the struggle of the Major to suppress the tears that flowed from the eyes of humanity, and rendered it torture to remain longer with their object before him. The penetrating wind, that cut its way through the wood, relieved the oppression at his heart, and allowed his senses to think coolly on some expedient for her safety.

The place where they were encamped was far from human habitation, friends and foes equally dreading the approach of the army. The country was universally deserted, and the remains of some ruined dwellings, scattered at distant intervals, were the only vestiges of habitation
they

they had met in a progress of many miles. Where they now were, an untrod wood encompassed them nearly round, affording only shelter to beasts of prey and serpents: in this situation, no help was nigh to assist misfortune, and where the worn out traveller fell, there must he die.

Reflections on the miseries of man occupied the mind of the Major, who, in situations such as the present, always drew comparisons with his own country; and he now considered, that had Cinthelia been so taken with illness, on any spot it contained, a near asylum would have held out a shelter. He had seldom been so much at a loss to discover an expedient, and, in forming various plans, he forgot that he was now in a trackless wilderness, till he found himself suddenly involved in a cane brake, which prevented his proceeding.

He

He immediately extricated himself, and by the light of the moon, which gleamed at intervals through the thick boughs of the trees, and rendered the wood more solemnly gloomy, he began, as he fancied, to measure his way back to the camp; it happened, however, that his mind had been wandering, as well as his body, and not having remarked a single point, he took an opening that led him yet deeper into the forest.

He continued to walk for some time, and not having made any observations, he could only guess by the inclination of the moon, which was the right direction, though not hearing any sounds of military proceedings, nor any voice, stealing along the flying breeze, he stood still, to consider what was the most prudent to do.

His only conductor, the moon, had now left him to total darkness, and the

foliage was so impervious over his head, that not a solitary star darted a beam upon his way. The cold was too intense to allow of his remaining still, and as he persuaded himself that it was impossible he could be far distant from the camp, he penetrated forward, though so entangled with matted briers, wild vines, and creeping ivy, that he seemed taken in a net, every step he advanced rendering proceeding, more difficult. The hoar frost hung upon his hair *, and his limbs were benumbed with cold. The sighing of the wind, through the branches of the trees, sometimes sounded like the whispers of departed souls, or swelled like the sounds of distant water, while the recollection of Cinthelia, forlorn, and dying unaided, sunk the soul of the Major into something like despondency. After a pause of a few moments, his native intre-

* In America, the weather is so changeable, that after a sultry day, the night will freeze two inches thick.

pidity banished his rising fears, and entangled as he was with brier, which wrapped itself in his clothes, he turned round as he stood, to listen if any sound was nigh, or any object that could possibly direct him.

A dreadful darkness inclosed him, through which no eye could penetrate—no sound was heard, but an hollow sigh, which again ceased, and gave place to the most awful silence. While the Major thus stood, he was startled at the sound of a roar, more harsh, though not so loud as a bull, at the distance of a few yards, which was instantly repeated by a dozen voices equally strong. The Major feared, lest he might have fallen in with a drove of buffaloes, though what most surprised him was, that the voices seemed to rise from the ground. In this uncertainty he stepped forward, clearing his way a few paces with his sword, when he felt the ground beneath him plash,

and fifty of those hideous voices roared at him from every side. Had he believed in enchantment, he would have supposed the forest under the domination of forcery; but, unable to conjecture any thing like truth, and fearing he was at the edge of a swamp, he stepped hastily back, and turning round, perceived at a distance, passing with an even motion through the trees, apparently seven feet from the ground, a red glowing light, more like burning coal than a lantern or torch; he watched it in silence as it was lost, and appeared again through the body of the trees; he could not perceive to what it was attached, and his wonder arose in proportion as conjecture was lost: by degrees it seemed to draw nearer, when he plainly distinguished that the light was grated, as it were round, and had the appearance of a fencing mask filled with fire. As it advanced, he perceived a man's face, of a savage appearance, over the light, which he blew with his

his mouth, and at every gleam, the shining head of an axe he had on his shoulder, and an hairy cap, presented itself.

As only the face, head, the axe, and the fire was visible, and seemed to glide through the trees, the Major was filled with indescribable astonishment, and, for the first time in his life, trembled with terror; for, through the darkness of the night, it appeared to move too far from the ground to be attached to any human being, and its ghastly and strange appearance excited in him a belief, that it was no other than his infernal majesty, prowling round the country dedicated to war, and delighting himself with the butchery and destruction ambition and passion had performed. This idea was strongly confirmed, as the phantom drew nearer; for as the face was distorted with blowing the fire, the features were truly frightful, and were not a little set off by the black fur cap which enveloped his head,

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and rose to a considerable height; nor could he suppose the bellowing on each side of him to proceed from any thing but some invisible demons, for they changed place, and passed by without his being able to distinguish any thing. Instinctively he raised his sword, and, though a little confused, he proposed to have a stroke at the grand adversary of mankind, if molested by him; but to this criterion his courage was not put, the vision gliding away in a contrary direction. Seeing this, the Major began to ridicule his own fears, and wiping the sweat, which had gathered in large drops upon his forehead, he resolved, at the risk of his life, to be satisfied who or what this prodigy was; for, in spite of every argument of reason, he could not suppose it mortal.

In this hardy determination, worthy a knight of legendary lore, when romanticity was the soul of exploit, the Major disentangled

tangled himself from the briars, with his sword drawn, following at a distance, though often in danger of losing the phantom in some turning of the forest.

He would have supposed it some ignis fatuus of a fatigued imagination, or the exhalations of the wood, had he not clearly distinguished human features, though rendered dreadful by the glare of the fire; but to what it could possibly lead, he was every moment less able to conjecture. It now entered on a part of the forest, so deep, that only a passage through the trees was allowed to a single person, and soon after struck into a cane brake, that seemed to grow on the surface of a swamp, crisped over with the frost, but not strong enough to prevent it cracking at every step.

The Major now halted a moment in hesitation, and at that instant the phantom stopped, and turned round again, presenting

presenting its hideous face—I am discovered, thought he: it is now no time to fly—and a man, who is satisfied he has only a poor paltry portion of life to lose, cannot fear death. Being determined to come to an explanation, he quickened his steps, but, to his astonishment, the phantom seemed likewise to retreat with increased celerity, and in the pursuit he found himself involved in a swamp, out of which it was impossible he should extricate himself by night, if ever.

An European can have little idea of an American swamp, which is a spot where the rains have settled for ages, and which reach, in some places, fifty or an hundred miles, being overspread with briers, wild vines, hops, creeping jack, canes, and every plant that delights in a damp soil, which, matting together, and growing higher than a man's head, in the luxury of nature, form a labyrinth, in which a man may wander for his life, without

without getting out. In these places the runaway slaves often used to elude all the vigilance of their masters, and actually have families and flocks which cannot be discovered, for so impenetrable are the brakes, that two friends, at the distance of a few yards, may call without being heard; or, if so, may wander many miles before they can find an opening to meet.

The Major was not ignorant of this, and he now suspected it might be some runaway slave; at any rate, he had hitherto led him through a regular path, and to follow seemed his only chance of safety; for as to the chance of meeting an hostile foe, he feared no danger from man.

In less than a quarter of an hour this strange guide made a pause, and dividing with his arm (which the Major now saw, by

by the light) the bushes, he disappeared in the thicket.

Of all the accidents in the Major's life this was the most astonishing, and he stood for some moments trembling with cold, and perhaps some portion of fear, for though he had nothing to dread from a phantom, which evidently shunned him, there was sufficient danger, in an American swamp, to dismay even a man of his intrepidity.

He had, however, been used to reason and resolve with coolness in the midst of a field of carnage, when murder stared at him on every side, and the roar of cannon played upon his ears. Reflecting that it was less difficult to cut through an hazel bush than a battalion of men, less difficult to force a breach through matted twigs, than over a rampart of matted bayonets, he instantly began to open

open himself a passage. This he did with facility, and found himself in something like a regular plantation, on a firmer ground, over which he stepped with apprehensive caution, lest some snare might await his progress.

About two hundred yards led him to what had the appearance of a large farm house, fenced round with strong wooden palisades, about which he traversed to find an opening. Through a chink in a back shutter he could perceive several persons round a good large fire, and fancied he could trace the features of his quondam guide.

As they were most of them Whites, he did not wait long to reflect, but making a noise against the paling, he could perceive them alarmed, by the confusion they discovered. He did not wait many minutes before a voice from an upper window demanded what he wanted.

“ I am

"I am an officer," replied the Major:
"I have lost my way, and must perish,
"unless you admit me."

"Are you alone?"—"Yes."—"Of
"what party?"

To this question he hesitated replying,
not knowing the consequences: at length,
the demand being repeated, he answered,
that his opinion was of little moment,
since a benevolent action should
never be influenced by party.—"If,"
said he, "I should chance to be of
"yours, you will have the pleasure of
"serving a friend, if not, you will have
"the merit of protecting an enemy."

"We are poor," replied the voice:
"we have nothing to spare from absolute
"necessity; and if you come with
"a view of forage, you will find none."

"Were that my intention," cried the
Major,

Major, "I should not come alone—I
" give you my honour, you shall not
" be the worse for your hospitality."—
" Stay," said the voice, " you shall be
" admitted, poverty has little to fear."

In a few minutes a man appeared with a lantern, and conducted the Major into a kitchen, where were four men, two women, several children, boys and girls, three dogs, a cat, and a tame snake, which was eating milk with one of the children on the earthen floor.

The Major was treated very courteously, though overwhelmed with questions. He soon discovered the man who had led him such a chase, by his fur cap, and learnt that he had been cutting down some wood from a spot they wished to clear for the growing of corn, and the night being cold, he had carried a chafing dish of charcoal, as well to warm him as to serve for a light.

The

The affability of the Major soon made him a welcome guest, and a large repast of eggs, bacon, and turkey, was spread upon a rough beech table, cheered with spruce beer and peach brandy. The master of the family was an hearty cheerful man, of near fifty, who made many inquiries into the progress of the British arms.

"You do not seem much affected by them here," said the Major; "you contrive, amidst the clang of war, to preserve peace, and while the country round you smokes in ruins, the smoke of plenty rises from your table."

"It is not for me," replied Mr. Thompson, "to intermeddle in state quarrels; for well I know, that a poor man, standing between two rocks moving in contrary directions, will be crushed to atoms between them. I am here
" in

“in the midst of a forest belonging to
“no man. The swamp around us forms
“an almost impassable labyrinth, and
“the spot where this cottage stands
“was cleared by the labour of myself
“and my friends. We did not fly from
“the confusions of the old world, to
“enter into the disturbance of the new,
“and we are satisfied with the produce
“of our labour.”

“I presume,” said the Major, “you
“are a little society of philosophers,
“who have brought your arguments on
“human happiness to a conclusion, and
“are come here to exemplify your opi-
“nions?”

“You have presumed wrong, sir,” re-
plied Thompson; “we are all of us
“tradesmen—two driven here by fail-
“ing in the world, and the rest to en-
“joy liberty of conscience. I assure
“you, our society was merely the ef-
“fect

“fect of chance and necessity; for when
“we first settled in this wilderness,
“chance brought us to the knowledge of
“each other, and the depredations of the
“Indians reduced us to the necessity of
“some civil union; we were not of spi-
“rits so turbulent as most Back Woods
“Men, and forming ourselves into a
“society, controlled by its own laws, we
“established this station, which we for-
“tify by courage and poverty, and live
“in some degree of comfort.”

“And with more happiness,” replied
the Major, with some emphasis, “than
“half the kings of Europe—but how
“have you eluded the vigilance of the
“army?”

“By the secrecy of our retreat. What
“army will seek for plunder in the midst
“of an American swamp? and as we are
“alike indifferent to whatever form of
“government takes place, we have no
“occasion

“ occasion to hold ourselves to the
“ mouth of a cannon.”

But, as members of a state, its government ought not to be indifferent to any one.

“ Very true; but we are only members of our own community, a little republic, if you will: we pay no taxes, we appeal to no court of justice, and therefore hold ourselves independent.”

“ A few families might live as you do,” replied the Major; “ but the earth is too little to support many.”

“ I am not much of a politician,” returned Thompson, “ but there is a good deal of room in the deserts of Africa, in the plains and mountains of America, to the Chinese ocean; and in South America, whose regions are unexplored,

"explored, I can't say I see the absolute necessity of going to war for a little land."

As the Major himself did not love political discussion,

When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears.

BUTLER.

He discoursed on their manner of living, settling, and hunting, till after the conclusion of the repast, when recollecting that duty required his return to the camp. Cinthelia also claimed his attention. It instantly struck him, that here she might find an asylum, where the trumpet of war would not disturb her slumbers, and where she might resign her breath in peace, were her days so soon to close.

"I believe," said he, after some minutes musing, "I have a claim on your

"social

“social duties, and, using the privilege
“of a soldier, must tax your benevo-
“lence; for I think it hardly fair, that
“you should be wholly exempt from
“that universal misery which spreads
“from one pole to the other, and at
“present deluges this infant country
“with blood.”

“If you mean,” said Mr. Thompson,
“to lead any of us to the war, you must
“know, we have vowed here to live
“and die, and by that oath we will
“abide.”

“Nor shall I,” answered he, “at-
“tempt to alter your resolution. But
“though you have shaken off society in
“general, you will not, I hope, refuse a
“kindness, when any straggler from so-
“ciety claims your pity.—I have in-
“formed you, that I am now at a dis-
“tance from our camp, where I must
“return before day, if possible, and
“where

“where I have left a lady, who is, pro-
 “bably, on the point of death, and must
 “perish in this wilderness, unless you
 “will give her shelter, and provide
 “her attendance, which I will pay
 “for.”

Mr. Thompson signified his consent with pleasure, offering any service in his power gratuitously, observing, that actions such as this they would willingly perform, as a tax on their claim to humanity. Mr. Wells, one of his companions, who had the garden under his particular care, informed him that his knowledge was likewise at his service, having once been an apothecary.

“I perceive,” said the Major, with a smile, “Providence never forsakes the
 “righteous, at the hour of the most
 “imminent danger, holding out re-
 “lief.”

“But

ed "But who," said Mr. Thompson,
"or what power suffers the evil? Do
"you think, my dear sir, it is worthy a
"wise Being to work in so retrograde a
"manner, first to plunge us into dis-
"tress, that it may exhibit power in
"relieving us? Do you think the Be-
"ing, who governs the myriads of stars
"over our heads, takes the trouble of
"leading two armies, from different
"corners of the world, to cut each other
"in various forms, or wrecks a ship
"upon a solitary rock, that it may ex-
"hibit Providence, in providing a plank
"for the escape of, probably, the wick-
"edest man in the vessel? No, sir,
"think more highly of that Being we
"both reverence, and you will know
"that *He* is impartial, and leaves us to
"the action of our own passions; you
"will know that the rains descend on
"the lands of the wicked and the up-
"right."

CHAP.

comp. "I am

"I am no metaphysician," said the Major—"I am a soldier; and I believe that it is best to act right.—Will one of you be my guide to the camp, or have you any conveyance, by which you can bring back my charge?"

It was settled, that if Cinthelia was unable to walk, they should carry her on a bier, between two, who were to be relieved by others.

CHAP. IV.

I little heed what plenteous wealth affords,
Where costly dainties pile luxurious boards :
Well had I liv'd, when man in forests bred,
In early times on simple acorns fed.

ARIOSTO.

THOUGH the night was extremely dark and cold, five of the company, of which Mr. Thompson was one, armed themselves with rifle pieces, and tomahawks in their belts, where hung also their powder and shot bags, which apparatus is the common companion of a Back Wood planter, who generally wears a frock like a waggoner, with pantaloons and boots, to defend him from the secret rattle-snake. Thus provided, they accompanied

accompanied the Major through the wood, with which they were perfectly acquainted, explaining to him the bellowing which again struck him with surprise, and which proceeded from the bull-frog.

In less than an hour they arrived at the borders of the camp; but as the Major had strolled away before the watch-word had been given, it was necessary he should advance alone, trusting to his personality for admittance; and had he not been beloved by the men, he would not have gained it.

Being admitted into the camp, he hastened to the Captain's tent, whom he found overcome with fatigue, sleeping beside his wife, who continued totally delirious.

The Major was not ignorant of Mobile's former ill-treatment of a woman who

who merited his most kind attention, and almost resolved to practice a stratagem, that would certainly touch the brutality of his nature, which had, indeed, latterly appeared to feel some movements of contrition: this was to carry her from him without notice; but reflecting that her character might suffer by such a concealment, and knowing how highly she prized that embellishment of a female, he waked him, in few words informing him of the asylum he had discovered, when all human aid seemed of impossible attainment.

Mobile, who was, to say truth, severely hurt at the sight of her present distressed situation, (for military discipline had restored part of the feelings of humanity), very gladly accepted the proposed asylum, and with the assistance of two soldiers, the insensible fair was borne on a mattress *without the camp*, and delivered to Mr. Thompson.

Perhaps some degree of precipitation, not justifiable to prudence, attended this sudden measure; but in active campaigns there is little time allotted to deliberation. The army was to proceed in the morning. Another day's march would have inevitably terminated her life; there was, therefore, but the alternative of leaving her by the way to the protection of chance, or confiding in the hospitality of Mr. Thompson, which latter was not so objectionable as at first might appear.

In this house the Major had perceived nothing but the strictest decorum and hospitality: the men appeared humane, and the women kind—A rude plenty prevailed, for though there were few luxuries, there were most of the necessities of life, and their confined situation, insulated from a commerce with the world, rendered them open and more cheerful with themselves, all their sources
of

of entertainment arising from their individual and collective exertions.

The Major pressed her burning hand to his lips, and hung over her for a moment, as if irresolute in parting; but recollecting his fortitude, he recommended her to the care of Mr. Thompson, and appointing a means of meeting again, he permitted her to depart, returning to the camp, accompanied by Mobile, in silence, where he lay down on a truss of straw, for the short remains of the night.

Cinthelia, unconscious of any passing action, was carried to the station, which, in America, signifies a small cluster of houses within a paling, where several families unite to protect themselves from the incursions of the Indians, and to promote society. A little room was allotted to her on the upper floor, where a daughter of Mr. Thompson attended her.

To follow the various changes of her illness, to watch the approaching climax of disease, would be needlessly wounding the heart of humanity, which certainly must feel for the situation of so amiable a woman; nor can it be grateful to contemplate the most beautiful of nature's productions sinking into ruin; but, as by the kind attentions of the persons round her, and the tranquillity she enjoyed, she insensibly began to recover, the reader need not be prepared for any fatal catastrophe.

When returning sense again opened the eyes of Cinthelia to the incidents of life, she was astonished at her situation, conjecturing, without knowing why, that she was lodged in some prison, probably the companion of her husband and others. This conjecture arose from the rude appearance round her, the roof of the house being only rough beams; nor was there any covering on the wainscot, which was
composed

composed of beech, and the only ornaments which graced the room were some eggs, depending from the cieling, and a Dutch looking-glass, which reflected several ways. The window was extremely small, and composed of an old-fashioned glass frame, pieced with oil paper, where the glass was broke—the latter article being as yet a species of luxury in a back settlement.

She was soon, however, made acquainted with the truth of her situation, by her attendant Sarah, who was neatly clad in coarse ruffet, something of the same texture as a charity gown; but even this looked neat, when graced by good nature and health. She was a true American lass, innocent and ignorant as nature formed her, though extremely inquisitive into every thing relative to England and Cinthelia.

The whole family, consisting of near

twenty persons, rejoiced at the recovery of their charge, whom they looked upon as a great acquisition to their society; the multiplication of the members of a house not being a matter of serious alarm: so far, indeed, from a number of children being a curse to their parents, who can in *some* countries scarcely provide a miserable living for themselves, here it is looked upon as a considerable blessing. Young persons, in this uncleared country, marry when inclination leads; certain of providing for themselves by labour, they are not obliged by their own, and by state necessity, to linger out the prime of life, afraid to marry, while starvation and wretchedness stares them in the face. One third of the females do not here become common, and prostitute their persons for bread: no; they are taken as companions to man, who is not afraid of their incumbrance. These things cry aloud, and speak for themselves, without comment.

When

When able to leave her room, Cinthelia was led into the common hall, or kitchen, where, like the ancient Spartans, they all eat at one table; but, in place of their rigid repasts, their black broth, and husky cakes, these enjoyed abundance to superfluity: in fact, this was the principal article for which they might be envied; for to every elegance of life, which custom has rendered necessary to Europeans, they were nearly total strangers, every commodity, by the difficulty of conveyance, being enhanced to an enormous rate; and having little to barter but the earth's rough productions, and these being superabundant, fine clothes, rich furniture, spices, and superfluities, seldom made their appearance.

The beauty of spring possessed powerful claims on the attention of Cinthelia, who sometimes allowed her mind to wander to taste its charms, charms that

spread before her in all the wild luxuriance of exfoliating nature—a hundred flowers met her eye, to the names of which she was a stranger, and she looked with astonishment on the stupendous forest that surrounded them, whose high tops seemed to sweep against the sailing clouds, here and there rising in tufts of various shades, like the domes of magnificent palaces above the more lowly dwellings.

The mocking bird was usually the companion of her walk, and delighted with her presence, exultingly seemed to dance before her from spray to spray, changing its note with the same facility as its motion; sometimes from the croaking of the raven, *transfiding* into the song of the cardinal, the lark, or the twittering of the painted plover. The humming bird, with its golden neck, glittered in the air, as it sported over the flowers, and myriads of insects burst into being
before

before her, exulting in the pleasures of a new existence. No sound of distant war came near no bustle of commerce, or hurry of pleasurable pursuits: she heard neither of famines nor rapine, and the world seemed like a garden of pleasure, in which her companions had only to labour a few hours in the day to procure ample returns.

The morning sun arose to enliven the world; it ascended its meridian amidst the songs of infinite existences; it declined beneath the horizon in majestic tranquillity, and left the inhabitants of this sequestered retreat to amusement and repose; yet the mind of Cinthelia was not perfectly at peace—it rested not in the calm around her.

Her fancy crossed the immense track of water that divided her from her children, of whose welfare she had not once heard, and of whose existence she was now ignorant;

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rant; her fancy wandered a few miles beyond the borders of the forest, and she beheld the effects of power in the destruction of mankind: not seldom, all owing herself to be seduced by imagination, she fancied the agonizing exclamations of women and children were borne on the passing winds.

Having left behind her all that she prized in society, solitude possessed not all those charms to please her philosophers have painted. The human soul, when once it has tasted action, cannot stand still: were it mere matter, inaction would be its paradise, as motion would be a state of compulsion. But as it partakes of ethereal spirit, action is its principle, pursuit is its happiness, and inactivity the greatest torment.

These feelings were not peculiar to Cinthelia—Mr. Thompson and his friends sufficiently experienced them: but hav
ing

ing been kicked about in life, they knew how to appretiate their present situation; they knew how to compare their actual possession, and though it was far from what the heart might pant for, it was superior to any thing they could (from their poverty) have claimed in society. Labour was a relief to lassitude, and they had invented variety of amusements. Of literature, they had small choice, their whole library consisting of some odd volumes of history, Rowe's Letters, and a few poems; of music, a flute and violin was all their store, and the latter but a poor thing, as they were obliged to make their own strings. Indeed, strange as it may appear, one source of their amusement arose from the stretch their invention was ever held at to provide variety of substitutes society would immediately have supplied. Being their own mechanics, it may be supposed they excelled in no particular, and in truth, they experienced the common lot of mortality, which

which is irrevocably fixed on all, from the king who governs with imperial pomp, whose decrees are destruction and peace to twenty millions of mortals, and who riots like a maggot in the choicest superfluities of an eastern clime, to the naked half rational savage, who watches the reflux of the tide on the shores of New Holland, to catch a few limpets or glims to prolong his existence, and whose exit from life is of as much insignificance as a gnat crushed on the highway by a jack-ass driver; for, throughout nature, every good hath an evil to hold the scale of life in equipoise.

Such is the life of an American planter of the superior kind; but many know no other than constant labour, which procures them, 'tis true, as much food as they can consume, and allows them to marry; but of every other comfort a small portion.

To

To a mind the least enlarged, there are other wants, even after food and raiment are supplied. For what has nature bestowed upon us our senses? Why have we ears capable to enjoy the ravishing sounds of music, or the beauties of oratory, if we are to listen only to the warbling of birds, or the dull hum of insects? Why have we eyes, if we are not to employ them, as well in contemplating all the grandeur of nature, and the excellencies of art, as in watching the vegetation of a spire of corn, or the increase of a flock? Why has nature taught us to distinguish scents, if we are not to pronounce our preference of perfume and aromatics, to a dung-hill, or a swine-house? And why has she taught us to distinguish flavours, if we are not to prefer pine apple to gooseberry, or a delicate dish to bread and water, or raw flesh? But above all, why has she given us understanding?—why has she taught us the innate, the transcendant superiority of reason

reason to define?—in one word, why has she made us Man, if all our happiness consists in imitating brutes? Away, then, ye would-be philosophers, ye men of eradicating science, who tell us that every step from the rugged and murdering savage is a deviation from felicity; go, and chatter nonsense with your yet uncultivated *fellows*, that ye admire in the woods of Hindostan, with delicate mouse-coloured hair, or their sordid yellow noses, and agility in every limb. After ye have champed mast in the forest, slaked your thirst at the translucent fountains of the Ganges, and felt the refreshing dews of heaven; then, like Nebuchadnezzar, ye will learn wisdom, and know that nothing is superfluous that man can procure by his active or mental exertions in the society of which chance has made him a member; provided he encroaches not on the rights or liberties of his neighbour; then will ye know, that though civilization

civilization has *ten thousand bitters*, your state of nature has *not one sweet*.

Reader, I ask pardon for this folly, which is the principal one I have allowed myself to run into; and, to say truth, it was amongst the chances of life, whether Cinthelia had ever again been remembered; for when a man breathes the wild air of an American wilderness, 'tis no miracle if he starts from his usual bounds, and loses himself in the labyrinths of reflection.

CHAP. V.

White are the decks with foam, the winds aloud
 Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' ev'ry shroud ;
 Pale, trembling, tir'd, the failors freeze with fears,
 And instant death on ev'ry face appears.

POPE.

AS a member of a little commonwealth,
 her portion of labour was just ; and as
 it at the same time afforded an infallible
 antidote to the corrosive poison of idle-
 ness, which, by suffering the mind to
 prey upon itself, introduces a train of
 diseases, that quickly sap every function
 of vitality, she with pleasure exerted her
 increasing strength, in teaching the chil-
 dren how to use the needle, and in work-
 ing herself.

One

One of the men had been to the place appointed by the Major, but without learning other news, than that destruction yet wanted on the banners of contending armies, and that several severe contests had taken place, in which, though the English were victorious, yet they were roughly handled, and exposed, from the hostility of the country, to every hardship, fatigue, thirst, perpetual danger, and a wily enemy, could inflict.

These accounts by no means served to tranquillize the mind of Cinthelia, for her spirit was of that generous nature, which pities and forgives a fallen enemy; she could not, therefore, think of Mobile's hardships, much as they were deserved, without commiseration, nor fancy him wounded and exposed, perhaps, to perish in the field, overcome with accumulated distress, without recoiling. The loss of her friends (the Jacksons) hung severely on her mind; and had she not possessed

possessed resolution, she would have sunk into the vacuity of melancholy.

- This was the season for making sugar, a work principally performed by the women, and Cinthelia often attended her friends into the woods, to collect the sap of the sugar maple, and to observe the variations of nature, which, in America, strike the mind with a sublime astonishment, every thing being, as it were, created on an enlarged scale: and, if the human intellect may partake of local qualities, America will, in some future period, arise in arts, in science, and in every qualification, far superior to all that has preceded on earth.

As another diversity of employ, she attended the occupations of the dairy, and, in fact, exempted herself from no labour her strength permitted her to partake of. This she did, as well to occupy her thoughts, as to avoid the appearance
of

of dependence, which alone would have rendered her miserable; and she had lived too long in Charles Town to be ignorant that the Americans held idleness in detestation.

After the labours of the day, they frequently diversified their amusement by a dance upon a little green, where they enjoyed patriarchial pleasure, and sung the ballads of the land of their birth, with as much heartfelt recollection as the captive sons of Israel, by the streams of Babylon, though they sighed not at their present situation, but at the far spreading calamity, which had driven them, and still drives thousands, annually, to find shelter in a foreign land. On one of these occasions, Mr. Morland, a Scotsman, sung the following ballad of his once loved country.

When

When blinking day gleams o'er the heath,
And caller airs blaw sweet,
I kilt my coats my arms a'neath,
And Patie haste to meet ;
For down ayont the northern lift,
Where hawkies frisk and play,
He pipes and skips fra cliff to cliff,
And foots awa the day.

There blithsome over height or glen
We ware the fleeting hours,
No fashing care, or pride we ken,
But heartfu glee is ours :
Let lairds of mickle geer gang woode
'Bout wha should rule the state,
A shepherd low should ne'er intrude
To meddle w'e the great ;

For wha's aboon, or wha's below,
He still remains the same,
And till a lesson all should know,
That pomp is but a name,
My Pate and I so dastly sing,
And gin our scrip be scant,
He steals a kifs aside the spring,
Or o'er the mountain brant.

And

And when could winter drives us hame,
Aside a glowing fire
We sit and crack, nor think there's blame,
Because we are no higher :
Our heartfu lile ones on each knee
Their chuckling raptures crow,
And a' night be as blest as we,
Gin they could pleasure know.*

How inconsistent, thought Cinthelia,
is man. Those who have, from political
and local motives, banished themselves
from their country yet delight to sing its
praises; like the good Major, in love
with peace, yet more than mortal in
war.

One day, while Cinthelia was engaged
with Mrs. Thompson and her daughter,
at some distance from the Swamp, in a
thick part of the forest, they were sur-
prised at observing an Indian, lurking

* This ballad may be had, set to music, of G.
Walker, 106, Great Portland Street.

beneath

beneath a bush, who instantly perceived them, and came forward, making signs they did not understand.

Terrified, they shrieked aloud for assistance, as he advanced, thinking nothing less than to be instantly murdered, as had been the fate of whole families in the back woods: but the Indian made signs of distress, and pointed to a deep wound in his side, which bled as he advanced.

"Me no hurt, me no hurt," said he, "me be near die, me want drop water."

These words arrested their trembling steps, and Mrs. Thompson, who had lost much of the timidity of her sex, by a familiarity with danger, begged Cinthelia to stop, while she made some inquiries which might lead to their future safety.

"Me come," said the Indian, "from
" de

"de great army to Charles Town, vid
"two Inglife; day carry paper talk:
"ve be set upon here, one killee, and
"todder near die."

"Are your enemies near?" asked Mrs.
Thompson.

"No, day be gone, leave us die."

From this Mrs. Thompson judged,
that, leaving them for dead, they had
departed with the dispatches, and made
inquiry who were his companions.—

"One," said he, "be long knife*, tod-
"der, Massa Captain Mobillee."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Cinthelia,
trembling with horror and fear; "can
"it be my husband!—O, Mrs. Thomp-
"son! let us seek him—do, dear Mrs.
"Thompson!"

* Meaning a soldier.

"I flew

"I flew you," said the Indian, putting his hand to stay the bleeding of the wound, and walking as well as his faintness would permit, led them in a few steps to a thicket, where Mobile lay, wounded, and without sense, upon the grass; his face was pale and emaciated, his waistcoat was torn and bloody, and no signs of animation remained.

At a sight so dreadful every feeling of compassion rushed into the soul of Cinthelia, and agonized her mind with horror.—Her husband murdered was too dreadful; and she remembered his vices no longer. She would have thrown herself upon the body, but Mrs. Thompson prevented her; and, to inspire her with hopes, or, at least, break the shock, she pretended that she could discover some signs of remaining life.

"O try, then!" said she, wildly—
"O save the poor wretch! Do not suf-

"fer

“fer him to die fo dreadfully!” Who would have thought it! faid ſhe, muttering to herſelf, probably returning by a glance of her mind to the firſt days of his gaiety, when pleaſure ſeemed only to await him.

The little girl, who at the firſt appearance of the Indian fled with velocity towards her father, and ſome of his companions, who were labouring in the foreſt, now returned with them. The Indian fell on his knees, begging his life, and at the entreaties of Cinthelia, both were conveyed to their incloſure within the ſwamp, where Mr. Wells, the family ſurgeon, began to employ the utmoſt of his ſkill. And here let the Reader reflect, what muſt be the ſituation of thoſe planters, who, let what will be the caſe, cannot procure the aſſiſtance of the faculty; and who might, by the knowledge of very little medicine or ſurgery, be preſerved, but who in want of this muſt

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perish without aid, in the midst of a wilderness. Surely this is a compensation for many evils; for what so soothes the mind, under the accidents of misfortune, as to have a hope in perspective, or a friend on whom we can rely.

Mr. Wells having examined the wound, which he judged not mortal, applied such restoratives as he possessed; though, to say truth, his store was extremely scant. The poor Indian, whose courage had hitherto borne him up against death, no sooner tasted refreshment, of which he had been long deprived, than he dropped down upon the ground, and died almost instantly, which was supposed to proceed from the wound having reached the intestines.

Cinthelia watched over and attended her husband with care superior to duty, and with nearly as much anxiety, as tho' she had loved him, and he had behaved
to

to her with common affection ; by which at least she justified his foresight, in making her the companion of his dangers.

Rest was his principal restorative ; and after having traversed burning plains, after exerting every animal power to the utmost, and exhausting the vital faculties by starvation, it was no wonder that repose and proper nourishment should quiet the ferment of his blood, and incline returning health, while the now temperate habit of his body, and the few juices that remained unexhausted, prevented the wound from degenerating, and inclined it to heal.

When he recovered the use of his intellects, and beheld his injured wife, administering to him, like a guardian spirit, with benignity on every feature, he felt a wound in his soul deeper than the one

in his body, and involuntarily he shrunk from her presence.

“Leave me,” said he, when his tongue could find utterance, “Cinthelia, I cannot bear this; suffer me to die without so dreadful a weight as this to be added to my ingratitude.”

Cinthelia, in the language of peace, desired him to be comforted; and if, indeed, he had resolved on doing better, to remember his children had a claim to his exertions.

He remained silent, for he found himself too much affected to speak, running over in his mind his former egregious blindness, which, like a mist, had clouded his senses. I have said before, that the army was an excellent school for scoundrels. In it Mobile had tasted the bitterness

bitterness of experience. Several sharp engagements had perfectly restored and cooled the fever of his senses, teaching him the value of virtue and morality. The example of the Major, who was an object of universal emulation, led him to exertions, and his wife's illness having touched him with a pang of remorse, he had endeavoured to render himself more worthy so invaluable a possession, in case of her survival, or in the attempt to a death, which should mark his latter moments with honour.

His exertions soon gained him distinction, and having succeeded in some marauding parties, which had been delivered to his direction, he was entrusted with dispatches of importance to Charles Town. Passing the forest, in whose recesses he knew Cinthelia had found a shelter, he wished to inquire after her health, but having wandered some time, and discovering no signs of habitation, he was

obliged to attend his duty, and was hastening forward, when they were set upon by a party of Americans, who left them all for dead, and carried off the dispatches.

Unable to express his contrition by words, he remained wholly silent, receiving her attentions with respect; his very voice was changed into a tone of humble complacency, and he seemed never happy but in her presence. Her present care, when a little neglect would have forever relieved her from a man she had every reason to detest, rivetted his gratitude, and raised it nearly to adoration. He vowed, in the still moments of uninterrupted reflection, that to her should his future attentions be dedicated, happy if he could thus, in some degree, expiate his former crimes. These resolutions of amendment, like the balm of the desert, tranquillized the feelings both of body and mind; and he became the second

cond patient that did honour to the skill of Mr. Wells.

In less than two months he was capable of walking out, when he was attended by Cinthelia, and, for the first time in his life, tasted the beauty of her observations, and subscribed to every remark. When his strength was nearly renovated, the calls of his station required his attention to the army; but his long absence rendered him ignorant of its very existence, and the danger of gaining information was great: he, however, was no longer the slave of pusillanimity, and to retrieve his late loss of time, he set out alone to explore his way to Charles Town. There he learnt the dispersion of the army, the disasters that had succeeded each other, and that his services were no longer required, the regiment to which he belonged being all either slain or prisoners, amongst the latter of which was the Major.

Every thing in Charles Town was in a state of stagnation or suspension, between peace and war; and as there was no probability of any further active employ, he knew not by what means to replenish his finances, gaming being a practice proscribed to himself.

He had almost brought himself to the conclusion of sending for his children, and seeking shelter beneath the boughs of the forest, being certain of the concurrence of the sweet-tempered Cinthelia, in any plan where her children could share her regard. The exercises of war had shaken off the effeminacy of his education, which trembled at a breeze, or fled from a sun-beam, and fitted him for the labours of agriculture; and above many arguments arose the principle of pride, for, unknown by his former acquaintance, he should not blush at raising the axe against the venerable oak, or be ashamed of labour in the field.

While

While these reflections fluctuated in his mind, he accidentally cast his eye upon a packet of newspapers arrived from England, and taking one, to satisfy his curiosity, he had not read far, before he was furnished with an account of a duel between Sir Charles Higham and a man whose wife he had seduced, which had terminated in his death; and not having any legal heirs, the estate became the subject of litigation.

Mobile felt the blood rush into his face, and for some time he was too much confounded for action; but now the obstacle which banished him his native land was removed, he experienced, in all its force, that lingering desire, which secretly attaches a man to the spot where he first breathed the air. He made no doubt of finding variety of employ, and, at all hazards, his half-pay was a preservation from starving. He knew how much this plan would be preferred by Cinthelia, and
he

he only waited till he could travel with safety, to return again to Mr. Thompson's.

The whole family were unwilling to part from their fair guest, whose manners had gained their respect and love; nor did they consent to her return without reluctance.—“If,” said Mr. Thompson, “any unforeseen contingency should again persecute you in the old world, remember that, in the new, you will here always find a shelter with security and plenty.”

From hospitality like this, she could not part without tears, and when the men left them, which was not till they had passed the bounds of the forest, they were each permitted the primitive token of friendship—a kiss of peace.

No business of importance delayed their voyage, and again, but with an heart

heart how much lighter, did Cinthelia commit herself to the unstable waves, looking forward with a mother's expectation to the children she loved better than herself. Poverty now appeared a trifle, the frowns of the world as beneath regard, fit only to wound those who had scarcely tasted life, and never known things by experience.

The weather proved remarkably favourable, till they arrived off the mouth of the channel, but then it seemed suddenly to deny them admittance to the happiest country on earth, notwithstanding the numerous evils that cry aloud for reformation.

The sea quickly rose to a tremendous agitation, wave after wave tumbled upon them, and, to add to their distress, a rocky lee-shore lay before them. The night was so extremely dark, that it was impossible exactly to distinguish their situation;

situation; nor could they expect any assistance from the land, as no open boat could think of living on so high a sea.

Mobile, in more terror for Cinthelia than for himself, clasped her in his arms, uttering prayers for her safety, and in those moments of suspended destruction besought her pardon, with tears in his eyes, which it was impossible she should deny him, after the exemplary conduct he had latterly assumed.

The ship continued to roll and pitch in a frightful manner, the white briny waves broke upon the deck, and washed several of the seamen to an eternal abode: every moment was expected to dash them upon the rocks, and, as a last chance, the boat was hoisted out, into which each crowded to get; but, while their over eagerness delayed the time, an heavy wave broke over them, burying in its bosom the boat and her crew, at the same time
bringing

bringing the masts by the board, with a crash so fearful, that every one supposed the vessel had stranded, and was going to pieces. Hope had given place to despair, while in vain the longing eye turned to the land, which was now their greatest enemy, the land where they had fondly expected to rest from their toil.

Cinthelia remained in the cabin with her husband, who had endeavoured to persuade her to go on deck; but certain, from the motion of the vessel, that she could not stand a moment, and as there was not even an appearance of any possible means to escape, she sat still, calmly expecting her fate. Mobile, now no longer the selfish savage he had been, still held her in his arms, resolving to share whatever fate might await her; though now so tremendous was the howling of the wind, and the repeated bursting of the waves, that he sat in an agony of silent despair. Order was no longer pre-
served

served by the sailors, who each plundered what he fancied he could attach to his person, though the generality only made free with the liquor, which supplied them with courage to meet the danger around them.

"Come, master," cried one, who had knocked off the neck of a bottle of rum, to get at the contents with less trouble, "here's the stuff that fears nought; take a sup of this, 'tis the liquor of life.—Steady there, d—n me! or I shall be foul in a minute."

This latter ejaculation was at a sudden roll of the ship, which dashed him against the side of the cabin, and spilt a quantity of rum into the lap of Cinthelia. As she was very faint, she took some of it with her hand, and Mobile drank the rest, which was a cordial they stood in need of, and to which, probably, they owed their lives.

A sudden

A sudden shock, which dashed them from their seat unto the floor, was followed by an appalling cry of despair from every sailor on board: the ship was now a wreck, beating on the rocks, while the horrid lashing of the breakers flaved in the deck with a sound like thunder, and a crash too horrid for description; the waters rushed like a flood into the cabin, and separated in a moment Mobile from his wife, while another wave, taking the vessel behind, shattered the hull to pieces.

Instinct attached them to the nearest object; for now every sense was lost in confusion, and unconscious of existence, the next wave bore them to the shore, where a crowd of savages waited to plunder the wreck.

Cinthelia had clung to the cording of a chest, which had miserably bruised her in their submarine passage, and was now
the

the insensible subject of a brutal wrangle between some female savages, who contended to whom the chest should belong, without attempting her relief. As this could not be readily settled, they adjourned the debate, and distinguishing the white gown of Cinthelia, began to strip her.

Meanwhile Mobile was washed upon the beach, in a situation that exposed him to the returning wave, which one of the savages observing, called to another to haul him ashore.

"I'm d—d if I do!" cried the other: "I shall look out for better fish—What's a dead lobster?"

"Why, you d—d lubber!" retorted the other, "don't you see, by the scarlet and lace he's an officer? Make way for us, then!" This compassionate savage having seized Mobile by the collar,

lar, hauled him up the beach like a stock fish, but fearing he should lose his prize, as the half suffocated wretch gave signs of life, he deliberately dashed his head against the stones, as he held him in his gripe, and would, most certainly, have beat him as dead as he had been used to do shell fish, but for an Irish soldier, who arrived with others to protect the wreck from the barbarity of the infernal savages, who not seldom, on these coasts, finish the work began by the storm.

“By Christ, now,” cried the Soldier, seizing the man in turn by the collar, “that’s not fair play, to take a man at advantage, becase he’s dead!—Och! let him stand on his legs, and then.”

The savage, at this attack, quitted Mobile to turn upon his adversary, who rather drew back, bidding him take care of himself.—“For now, honey,” said he, “as you’re my own cauntryman, I
“ wish

" wish you'd be aisy: but, blood and
" oons! if ye stir a step nigher, you'll
" be further off than ever ye was in
" your life!"

While this parley lasted some officers had time to give directions, and after much difficulty, and some threatening, the *hospitable* inhabitants of the coasts of the most hospitable nation under the stars, consented to give shelter to their shipwrecked countrymen. Perhaps a reader, who seldom goes abroad beyond the town of his residence, who sees only fair weather, and reads only romantic descriptions, will not believe that at this period there are a race of savages like this, which infest our coasts; but a very little inquiry will convince them of the fact, and happy will it be if they never know the horrors of experience.

Notwithstanding the attention of the military, every thing portable was carried

ried off from the persons of the unhappy sufferers, and, to the disgrace of the sex, Cinthelia was stripped nearly naked. The contusions she had suffered so disfigured her lovely features, that the people round for some time fancied her an Indian, and neglected assisting her till the last; but then the whiteness of her bosom changed their opinion, and judging her a passenger of birth, they hoped to be amply repaid their trouble.

These were the suggestions of the inhabitants of the cottage where she had been carried; and now every endeavour was exerted to restore her with very little effect for a long time; but, at length, having been blooded, and put into a warm bed, she recovered the use of her senses, and found no other ailment than resulted from her contusions, and the insufferable lassitude remaining from exertions of despair and insensibility.

Mobile

Mobile had been taken to another hut, where, on being blooded, he recovered, and his body having been seasoned to suffering, he shortly found himself sufficiently well to seek after Cinthelia, who he feared had perished. After some ineffectual inquiries, which nearly urged him to despair, he discovered the place of her confinement, and, after expressing his joy at again meeting with her, he sat down to attend her himself.

Scarcely any thing had been saved from the wreck; and as he had been plundered of his watch and buckles, he found himself reduced to the greatest poverty, the whole amount of his ready money being less than five shillings: as to Cinthelia, she was completely stripped by the women who had first seized her, possessing nothing more than barely sufficient to cover her. With these resources they had to enter again on life, and commence

commence again a career in that world where money is alone the object of respect and of value.

No prospect could well be more gloomy, and despair sat painted on the brow of Mobile, who began to look upon himself as an object selected for a mark to the virulence of fortune, and, Ixion like, condemned to sink from the grasp of attainment. From these thoughts Cinthelia endeavoured to divert him, and with some degree of success. Her example was looked up to by him with implicate confidence, as a type of success, and so long as he enjoyed her company, he fancied it impossible he could be utterly lost.

In the friendship of Mr. Hervey they perceived a distant dawn of hope, and Mobile wrote the following day, to his house in town, a brief account of their present

present situation, with acknowledgments for his former goodness, and inquiries after the children. For an answer to this letter they waited with anxious expectation; but the post returned without tidings, and now Cinthelia began to forbode some melancholy event in suspension—but whether relating to Mr. Hervey, or to her children, she trembled to think.—Mobile, who felt a little embarrassed, at recollecting his former behaviour to Hervey, imputed his silence to the cooling of a friendship, which, probably, could not survive the distance between England and America.

Cinthelia, judging from his former kindness, could not listen to these suggestions; indeed, her own heart forboded something of far greater moment, and she sighed impatiently at the want of power instantly to hasten forward to find her children, or, at least, learn their fate.

fate. No time that she recollected to have passed appeared so cruelly lengthened by the dread of evil, for she had given wings to all the fond hopes of a mother's affection, and now was doomed to linger in anxiety, under the accumulated imbecillity of poverty and weakness.

CHAP. VI.

NO letter arrived in several succeeding posts, for which silence conjecture vainly endeavoured to account. The last sixpence of their finances was expended, and no means of supply appeared. In this situation they saw no resource, but in craving charity as they journeyed along the road to town, and the Captain believed that his torn regimentals would be a sufficient claim on compassion, tho' to desire it, stung his heart to the centre.

From this debasement he was saved, by the humanity of some sea officers, who, with the generosity of their country

try and their profession, forwarded a subscription for the ruined sufferers, of which Mobile's portion amounted to five pounds, and a gown which a lady bestowed on Cinthelia. This poor sufferer, weak as she was, set forward on foot, attended by Mobile; but the first day's walk convinced her of the futility of the attempt; the slowness of their progress alone rendering the expence heavier than if she took a stage, which was the means they now adopted, Mobile following on foot.

It was evening when she arrived in town, but her impatience was not to be conquered by that consideration; and fatigued as she was with riding outside the stage, she set forward on foot for the city. Every street she had formerly known recalled some passed incident, and the tears dropped from her eye at reflecting, that, amidst so many thousand habitations, she had not a single room to shelter her, nor amidst half a

million of people, perhaps one that would call her friend. The saddest reflections crowded upon her soul, utterly destroying that internal sensation of generally attending delight, on visiting, after a long absence, scenes once familiar.

It was almost nine o'clock when she arrived at Hervey's house, but she had the unspeakable disappointment to find it shut up, with a bill on the door for the letting of it, and directions to inquire at a distant part of the town.

"He is dead then!" muttered she, faintly—"the death of my own children would not have produced this change; but where, alas! shall I seek them? Who, in this miserable world, but himself would have given them relief? O heavenly Father! pity me."

She sunk down a few moments, thro' faintness,

faintness, on the steps, and indulged herself in the luxury of tears, which flowed in silence down her cheek, as they overflowed from the fullness of her grief; reflecting, however, that her children, notwithstanding this change, might be safe, she arose, to find a lodging for the night, but without a knowledge of where.

She walked forward, intending to inquire at the first decent tradesman's, where lodgings were to be let; but owing to the late hour, she could not find any, and now proposed to return to the Inn where she had been put down.

As she walked forward, in a hurried pace, she attracted the observation of the passengers, several of whom attempted to stop her with compliments and speeches she neither understood nor regarded, though they served to hasten her steps, and to confuse her mind, which was

ill at ease, from reflecting on her exposed and unprotected situation.

A gentleman, who had been struck by her figure, followed her a considerable distance, frequently attempting to enter into conversation, yet awed by the silence she preserved, and her unfeigned appearance of disgust. His persisting in attending her confused her way, and she turned down a wrong street, which entangled her still more; but though sensible she had not gone right, she was too much afraid to inquire, and kept hurrying forward, in hopes of finding some place she knew.

“ My dear creature,” said the stranger,
“ you certainly want a guide, for you
“ have traversed this street no less than
“ twice before, or am I to impute it to
“ my dawning happiness, for, ’pon my
“ soul! never did I meet so silent a
“ beauty.

“ beauty.—What, not one word yet,
“ madam! do you wish to convince
“ yourself of my patience? But where
“ you lead, I am destined to follow.”

Alarmed at this intimation, she, for the first time, desired him to leave her, but, catching her voice, he cried out—
“ No, sweet creature! not when you
“ stand in need of a guide!—’Pon my
“ honour, I am familiar with your
“ voice, but not so blessed as to know
“ your features, though I am satisfied I
“ have seen something like them before.”

Cinthelia in turn was surprised; she perfectly recollected the voice, but to whom it belonged she could not fix, unless to some of those men who had been the companions of her husband’s dissipation. Fearful of falling into the hands of any such character, she attempted to

run ; but interpreting this into a signal of pursuit, he became more bold : after following backwards and forwards, though several of the same streets, he caught her by the arm, but quitted her instantly on her calling for assistance, still, however, walking by her side. They now entered a square, where very few people were passing, and as there were not many lamps lighted, he attempted to snatch a kiss, when, darting from him, she ran up the steps of an house, with the intention of claiming assistance from whoever should come to the door.

“ How’s this, madam,” said he, in a voice wholly changed—“ do you live here ?”—“ To you, sir,” she replied, “ it is of no moment ; some one will instantly give you a dismissal.”

“ Hold a moment, I beg, madam !” cried he, arresting her hand from the knocker ;

knocker; "tell me only your name,
"and I promise, on my soul, to quit
"you!"

Cinthelia was going to comply, when the porter, who had heard the voices at the door, suddenly opened it, and seeing his master—"My lady, sir," said he, "bade me tell you she was gone to Mrs. Askott's party, where she expects you
"to meet her."

At these words, which struck Cinthelia like a flash of lightning, she instantly recollected the person of Lord Dolittle, and, to his equal surprize, he discovered, in the object of his gallantry, no other than his forlorn sister-in-law. But now his only thought was how to escape, and, without pretending to know her, he hastily quitted the steps, and walked away.

This action, which even surpassed all the hardened effrontery Cinthelia knew
H 4 possessed

possessed the higher ranks of life, had so powerful an effect upon her agitated spirits, already urged to the borders of despair, that suddenly turning sick, her head became giddy, and she sunk down on the threshold.

The porter, embarrassed by the accident, and not having the inhumanity to close the door upon her, called for assistance, and had her conveyed into the hall, where she soon recovered her senses, though so much exhausted, that she had not power to stand. Several of the servants, on her recovery, remembered her features, which had been greatly altered by the hardships she had suffered, and compassionating her situation, urged her to take some refreshment. A glass of wine was all she would accept, though she willingly sat still, to recover her scattered spirits, being determined to proceed forward to the Inn. She was rising to go, when a thundering rap at the

the door, threw her again in a flutter, and gasping for breath, she again sat down.

“What is all this!” cried Lady Louisa, in a lofty tone of voice—“What is the matter with that creature! Who is she?”

“Mrs. Mobile, madam,” said the porter—“I really fear she’ll die.”

“Mrs. Mobile!” returned the lady, in a scream of surprise—“What a horrid bore! Who dared to admit her! Is my house an hospital? I say, who durst to admit such trash!”

“I am going,” said Cinthelia faintly, rising, and leaning with one hand on the back of the chair—“It was not willingly I entered this place.”

“Nobody asked ye, I dare say; nor
“nobody

“nobody wanted ye.—I would’nt, for
“fifty pounds, be known to belong to
“such—such a low person.—I declare,
“John, I think she’s deranged in her
“senses.”

! “Yes, my lady,” said the footman,
bowing, “she don’t look altogether
“right.”

“Will you suffer a servant to call me
“a coach?” said Cinthelia, endeavour-
ing to restrain her tears, for her heart
was too full to give way to the dictates
of indignation.

“By all means, ma’am,” said Louisa,
half courtesying.—“Tom, go and call
“the creature a coach; and mind all
“of you, if you ever let her in again,
“I shall discharge you that minute!
“What a horrid bore, if it should be
“known—Where in the name of for-
“tune can my husband be gone!” The
latter

latter sentences were muttered to herself as she ascended the stairs.

The coach in a few minutes arrived, and indignation having given a slight flow to her spirits, she arose, and was conducted to the door by the porter, who, when he had helped her in, slipped half a crown into her hand, without offering a word.

The action called a shower of tears from Cinthelia, who would have returned it; but this he obstinately refused, unless she would say she did not need it. Having given the coachman his direction, she again offered him the half crown but, bowing, he instantly quitted her, and the coach drove forward. At the Inn she procured a bed, where she spent the early part of the night in reflections, ill calculated to quiet the perturbations of her mind.

Amidst

Amidst all the ill chances of life, when misfortune appears to have encompassed us around, there still remains some solitary hope, which serves to spirit us forward to action, and prevents that lassitude which would otherwise sink us down without exertion, or invite us to raise the hand of suicide. Through all the gloomy presentations that disturbed the mind of the unfortunate Cinthelia, she reflected, that were Hervey dead, it was probable Mr. Brianton had voluntarily taken his charge, or, at least, could afford her intelligence.

To their former residence she therefore hastened, early in the morning, and, to her surprize, learned from one of the clerks that Hervey was married, but to a woman so selfish and miserly, that they lived in obscure lodgings to save house rent. After taking his address, she inquired the health of the Brianton family, and heard, without a sigh, the recovery
of

of Edward Ranson, to whom a fine boy was an additional link to Patience; that Mrs. Brianton was dead; that Mr. Brianton resided with his children in Kent, no other air agreeing with Edward.

What changes, thought Cinthelia, a very few months produce in this world of mutability—Who would have thought I should remember Edward with indifference—and who would have thought Hervey should be deceived at last!

Being arrived at his lodgings with a beating heart, she sent up her name, but had scarcely to wait a minute before he came down stairs, and catching her in his arms, wept for joy—"Your children," said he, without waiting inquiry, "are in perfect health, and as fat as pigs, but they are in the country. You are come, fortunately, at a moment I can call my own; for, to tell you the truth,

“ truth, I have played a very foolish
“ game, and fallen into a snare pur-
“ posely laid for me : but walk up stairs,
“ and I will explain to you.”

She related to him, in brief, her situation.—“ You grieve and yet please
“ me,” said he ; “ for nothing can be
“ more satisfactory than your husband’s
“ reformation. Your children are with
“ my sister, near Yarmouth, where she
“ is gone in a pet at my marriage ; and
“ I wish she had no reason for her an-
“ ger. Before marriage I fancied I had
“ found another Cinthelia, so modest,
“ so soft, so prudent, so every thing,
“ that, like a blind mortal, I grasped at
“ the gilded exterior, without suspecting
“ the lurking poison, and, too late,
“ found I had been deceived by the
“ worst of the sex. I now repent my
“ too great delicacy, and, to obtain
“ quiet, have sacrificed my power.”

“ At

“ At least,” said Cinthelia, “ I suppose you have made choice of a beauty, according to your plan ?”

“ No,” replied he, “ she is no great things ; and yet she is almost as vain as if she were handsome.—I do not ask you to stay at present—you would not be much entertained.”

As Cinthelia took this for an intimation to depart, she arose, inwardly pitying, that a man like Hervey should meet with no better fortune. He did not press her to stay, but forced upon her a ten pound note, to defray her expences to Yarmouth.

Her impatience increased as obstacles seemed to intervene, and her husband not being yet arrived, she left a note for him at the Inn, departing the same day for Yarmouth, where she, at length, had the indescribable satisfaction of seeing her

her children, who were improved almost beyond her knowledge. She would gladly have returned with them to town, but this Mrs. Hervey opposed, with a force of argument not to be refuted, and, after some repugnance, this excellent woman agreed to deprive herself of their presence, that they might enjoy the advantage.

On returning to town, she felt some degree of satisfaction in her present situation, no immediate evil appearing in view; and she hoped that the exertions of Mobile might, at least, insure them existence.

Having no capital, it was impossible to enter any line of business, however small, and the peace deprived him of hopes of military employ. Their lodging was a ready furnished room, at half a crown a week, up a miserable alley, where Cinthelia took in what plain work

work she could procure. Mobile traversed the town in search of employ, but, wanting a character, who would receive him? and his own, if mentioned, was yet a greater drawback. The scanty allowance of half-pay they were deprived of by the reduction of the regiment, when the remaining officers were either broke, or had the option of a distant station. Thus reduced to the verge of actual starvation, the utmost fortitude of Mobile was scarcely sufficient to sustain him. It was not without many internal struggles, and the councils of his amiable wife, that he avoided the temptation of his former resources, which he knew would produce him a temporary supply. The sweetness and good-nature of Cinthelia was a balm for every wound, and a charm which even gave pleasure to their repasts of tea and potatoes.

One day, when Mobile was disconsolately walking the Exchange, at an hour

hour when few were passing, and reflecting how often his father, by his industry, had figured in the same place, he cast his eyes on a paper, pasted up, requiring a porter in a grocer's warehouse: his heart beat with fluttering hope at this prospect of employ, and he hastened to the grocer's with more anxiety than he had formerly experienced, when a wrong *nick* on the billiard table was to give or deprive him of hundreds. He was fortunate enough to obtain the situation, it not being a place of trust; and though his stipend was poor twelve shillings a week, he returned home to Cinthelia, with a gratification he had never before experienced.

“Fortune is beginning to turn in our
 “favour, my dear Harry,” said Cinthelia; “and the slower her movement, the
 “greater is the certainty of her stability.
 “We are at present so low, that we can-

not

“ not well sink, every movement must,
“ therefore, raise us higher.”

“ I have not forgot,” replied Mobile,
good-humouredly, “ the saying of Major
“ Watson, when fortune used to run
“ counter :

“ Our fortune is so very bad,

“ That either it must quickly end,

“ Or turn about again and mend.”

BUTLER,

Supper was now the only meal at
which they met, and a morsell of dry
bread, with half a pint of beer, was all
Mobile would allow himself through the
day ; for which abstinence he had been
prepared in the army, or his health
would materially have suffered.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm.

THOMPSON.

FOR some months they were inured to all the hardships of laborious poverty, one week's stipend scarcely serving to defray its expenditure: a situation in which thousands languish, a prey to the deepest anxiety, with a prospect of closing their career beneath the shelter of a workhouse, in the society of wretches from which delicacy turns away with loathing and horror.

One evening, when Cinthelia had received a letter from Mrs. Hervey, with an account

account of her children's welfare, she found herself so satisfied, that she proposed a little treat for her husband, in a warm supper, which she employed herself cooking against the hour of his return. Every thing was ready for his appearance, and she sat down in a chair, looking round to see if all was in order, and enjoying the pleasure of his surprize; but the usual time of his return elapsed without his coming, and she began to fear the supper would be spoiled.

Her hopes were soon converted into anxiety, and the glee of the evening clouded in with unexpected disappointment. Twenty times she went to the window, and twenty times she was obliged to return unsatisfied: every moment seemed lengthened in duration, and her appetite was lost, though she had scarcely tasted any thing through the day.

Every moment she expected his coming,

ing, till after eleven o'clock, when she began to fear that some former temptation had led him astray, or some dreadful accident happened. The supper was put by, cold and untouched, a morsel of dry bread sufficing her, and she sat down at the window, listening to every step that advanced, and feeling, in all its horror, the frequency of disappointment. The still silence of the night added to her dejection, now and then interrupted by the watchman, and the melancholy striking of the various clocks, which sounded through the stillness of night with a solemnity that was particularly touching. When, thought she, will my miseries end. What accumulated evils are the lot of man! how many sleep at this moment in peace; but how many are watching by the beds of sickness, how many lingering under the pangs of disease!

Tired, dejected, and stiff, with leaning

so long at the window, she left it, and turned to the fire with a cold shudder, but it was gone out, and the candle's lengthened wick faintly burnt in the socket.

She had never so completely felt all the evil of a similar situation, because formerly it had been matter of course, but now it came upon her unexpectedly, and she knew not whether it was the beginning of new transgressions, or some unavoidable accident.

She threw herself upon the bed, that she might be ready to open the door; but sleep was a stranger to her eyes, till she had counted three o'clock, when she fell into a slumber, disturbed by the phantom of imagination.

She arose about seven, and, without waiting for breakfast, hastened away to his master's, where she learnt he had not
been

been since the preceding noon. Wholly lost in conjecture, and nearly deprived of her reason, she returned home, convinced that he had destroyed himself, in disgust at a situation, which condemned him to a constant routine of labour, the more galling, from his having once known a situation so far superior.

On her arrival at home, the woman who lodged on the ground floor called her into the parlour, giving her a letter, which, she said, had been brought by a lad. Cinthelia instantly turned sick, and would, probably, have fainted, but the good woman (who knew life pretty well) presented her a dram of Hollands, which Cinthelia accepted, experiencing its efficacy, in giving a sudden flow to her spirits, the greater, as she rarely tasted any thing stronger than small beer.

She now acquired courage to open the

the letter, which briefly informed her, that, at the suit of some of his former creditors, he had been arrested, and then lay in a spunging house, from whence, being without money, he must in a few hours be removed to Newgate.

Pity now swelled in the bosom of Cinthelia, who united every circumstance of horror with a prison; but in moments of difficulty like the present, this excellent woman generally retained reason and resolution to act. Of the few trifles they had contrived to gather, she took a part to the pawnbroker, who gave her about half their value, amounting to a guinea and an half, with which she hastened to her husband.

In the most miserable apartment of a miserable house, she found him, sitting on the side of a broken bed, in a room dark as a dungeon, with a grated window,

and no other moveables, except a creaky table and three legged chair.

“ Mobile,” said she, “ what a place!” and bursting into tears, sunk into his arms.

“ You are too good,” said he, stifling his emotion : “ never can I repay kindness like this ! Cinthelia, I reproach myself, at this moment, with having allied myself to such excellence ; had I not intervened, you might have been happy with Edward.”

“ No,” said she, “ never.—I think we have both seen enough of life, to know that there is no good upon earth, without an evil to counterbalance it ; and though we cannot look into futurity, certainly something would have blighted my fairest hopes.”

“ So

“ So you always endeavour to recon-
 “ cile me ; but I am not blind. Some of
 “ my former creditors, no doubt, insti-
 “ gated by Dolittle, have discovered us ;
 “ several writs are in the office against
 “ me, to the amount of near two hun-
 “ dred pounds !”

Cinthelia was grieved, but she was not
 surprised ; and once more proposed recur-
 ring to the friendship of Mr. Hervey, to pre-
 vent, if possible, his removal to Newgate.
 She took leave, giving him the money,
 which she did in sight of the bailiff, who
 very civilly observed, that if it was any
 prejudice to the gentleman, he did not
 wish as yet to hasten his removal, till he
 saw how matters might go amongst his
 friends.

Satisfied he would not be removed that
 day, she returned home ; for not having
 eaten any thing, she was extremely faint,

and unfit to go on an embassy so very unpleasant.

She had just made an end of part of the supper she had intended for the preceding night, when she was informed, that a man, of a very shabby appearance; was inquiring for her; and as she supposed it something regarding her husband, she desired he might walk up.

An old man, of a fallow complexion, and grey hair, entered the room, dressed in a shabby coat, neither black nor brown, and holed at the elbows: his waistcoat was silk, but miserably frayed, and his stockings had been so completely darned, that the original was nearly lost; his wig was sun-burnt, and his linen did not much improve in colour, from the contrast of his clothes.

Cinthelia arose with surprize, and gazed

gazed upon him, unable to recollect who it could be.—She would have thought it the old Major, but for the difference of persons, and reaching him a chair, as he seemed to tremble with weakness, she inquired his business.

“ I have no particular, no absolute business,” said he, faltering—“ I am fearful I shall be an unwelcome person, when I name it ; for, in the first place, though you seem not to recollect me, I am the man, whom, of all others, you ought to despise and hate.”

“ I know no one,” replied Cinthelia, startled at a voice which struck her, though she could not recollect why—“ I know one, indeed, who deserves that from me.—But surely, sir, I have heard your voice, though I cannot remember your person.”

“ I am, indeed, altered,” said he, stopping and sighing, “ for the worse, in many respects : time and misfortune make the greatest changes amongst men—But I had fancied, that though we may forget those who have done us a benefit, yet we ever remember they who do us an injury. Do you remember no one, to whom you owe your marriage against your will, and to whom your father was indebted for his ruin ?”

“ Is it possible ! can it be ! Are you Mr. Ranson ?” cried she, in a tone of the highest surprize.

“ Yes,” said he, wiping away a tear, “ I am that wretch, who is come to ask your pardon, before he ends his miserable career.—You see how Providence inflicts punishment on the guilty ; and that, I hope, will plead something for me.”

“ It

"It is not for me," said she, with some rising resentment, "to pardon what I have so long ceased to think on. If you have seen your error, I am satisfied."

"You are an angel upon earth," said he, "and I was a fiend to prevent the marriage of my son with such excellence! I have been in England some months, but I durst not approach him till I had cast myself upon your mercy.— Good as you are, I must trespass a little further; yet—I know not how."

"Speak," said she—"I am poor, like yourself, and have no occasion to be proud."

"But it was I," cried he, "wretch that I am, it was I who brought you to that poverty! No, I cannot—I will go to those who are more able;

"and yet—to say truth, I am almost
"starving!"

Poor man, thought she, though he
has been guilty, yet his years demand
protection, and his sufferings atone for
his vices.—"I have nothing," said she,
"in this house, but this morsel of hash ;
"will it be acceptable?"

"'Tis the most delicious of dainties!"
cried he, sitting down, and endeavouring
to conceal his tears—"I question whe-
"ther Lord Dolittle would give me so
"much." Having finished, he arose to
depart, but still lingered behind, as if he
had some question to ask ; then turning
abruptly to her—"Necessity," said he,
"makes a proud man stoop to abjec-
"tion : I confess I have not a single
"farthing about me—I scarcely know
"how to ask your charity—but where
"shall I find a lodging, without mo-
"ney ? and I feel I am not well."

Your

Your situation is miserable, indeed, thought she; age has rendered you ill able to buffet with the world. Sick, alone, and friendless, what can be more pitiable! She felt in her pocket for money; her whole stock amounted to four shillings, of which she put two into his hand.

"Good God!" cried he, suddenly dropping on his knees, "of what hast thou made this woman! She was cruelly injured by me, yet she has forgiven me; she has given me all the morsel she had herself; she has divided with me her trifling fortune, which, like the widow's mite, is invaluable! I have been at the house of the luxurious Lord Dolittle, but he turned me out, and shut the door in my face.—His purse-proud wife had the insolence to revile my poverty; but the day draws nigh, when I shall look down upon their insignificance,"
"and

“and my darling Cinthelia smile at
 “their humility: they shall know I am
 “not the abject wretch they treated
 “with contempt, but capable of pur-
 “chasing all the remains of their an-
 “cestors.”

Cinthelia, at this rhapsody, began to
 fear his head was a little deranged, and
 begged he would recover himself, as she
 was under an unavoidable necessity to go
 out.

“I know it,” said he; “I am not ig-
 “norant of your business, but that we
 “will soon settle. To bear suspense is
 “a great trial; but which do you think
 “is the most difficult to sustain, riches
 “or poverty?”

“There is very little difference, I
 “think,” said she; “it requires forti-
 “tude, and a constant practice of duty,

and

“ to bear up against the temptations of
“ either.”

“ You are right, as you always are,”
said he; “ a woman, who like you can
“ bear poverty, is the best calculated to
“ possess riches. Suppose, for instance,
“ some stranger was to leave you a for-
“ tune, or suppose I had returned rich,
“ how would you behave at the disco-
“ very?”

“ I believe,” replied she, smiling,
“ the one is as probable as the other.”

“ Very true,” said he; “ and where
“ there is probability; there is possibi-
“ lity; and where that is the case, there
“ may be fact.”

Cinthelia gazed at him without know-
ing what to conclude; but calling for
somebody to fetch some wine, he made
her take off a large glass, and then in-
formed

formed her, that he was actually returned home with immense riches, having married a planter's widow in the West Indies, who was since dead; and that he had been very ill treated at Dolittle's, who did not know, said he, how much I can trounce him.

Cinthelia felt a sudden gust of joy, which nearly deprived her of sense, and for some time her colour went and came, while her heart fluttered with pleasure. A change of fortune like this appeared almost impossible; but convinced, by his assurances, and a slight detail of his adventures, that it was fact, her mind, with the rapidity of human credulence and anticipation, was almost too much affected to sustain the tide of joy that flowed in upon it.

Her darling children, now exposed to dependence and chance—her penitent husband, whose distress and contrition
had

had first warmed her heart with pity, and raised that pity to affection, would now be provided for, and, unable to utter a word, the tears streamed from her eyes, while gratitude impelled her to return acknowledgment to that power in whom she placed her hopes of protection.

Mr. Ranson beheld her emotion with a sympathy that overflowed at his eyes, even sobbing with pleasure, that he had now arrived, at the moment of bestowing happiness on a woman so deserving, and whom he had so materially injured.

After this mutual agitation had subsided, they proceeded together to the bailiff's, that Mobile might partake, as soon as possible, so unexpected a turn of fortune. Cinthelia led Mr. Ranson into the garret, where they found her husband in a fit of dejection, walking in fullen silence and measured paces round the room.

" My

"My dear," said Cinthelia, "I bring
"you a visiter."

"Who?" said he quickly, with an air
of mingled shame and reproach, at her
exposing him; when seeing only an old
man, whom he did not recollect, he con-
tinued to walk about.

"You don't remember me," said Ran-
son, "and yet we might know each other,
"and mutually blush?"

"Very likely," said Mobile—"If I
"owe you any thing, I am sorry for it;
"but this is not a place to ask a man
"for a debt—How did he find you, my
"dear?"

"You are wrong," replied Cinthelia—
"Can you have forgot Mr. Ranson?"

"Ranson!" cried he, starting—"What!
"How! is it possible! I thought you
"were

“were dead: but I see fortune has not
“played any better with one than the
“other.”

“I am satisfied with what she has
“done for me,” replied Ranson: “But
“why don’t you welcome your old
“friend?”

“Such friendship—pardon me,” said
Mobile, shaking his head, and continu-
ing to traverse the room—“Cinthelia,
“have you been where I told you?”—
“No, not yet.”

“No,” said he, something peevishly.
“No, my dear,” replied she; “I was
“prevented by a friend, who has pro-
“mised to liberate you.” She had been
“counselled by Ranson (who took plea-
“sure in enjoying surprize) not to open
upon him at once;—but unable longer to
restrain her feelings, she threw herself into
his arms, and wept upon his bosom.—
bus

“What

"What am I to think?" asked Mobile, astonished.

"To think," said Ranson, coming forward, "that you are a gentleman; that I am as rich as a nabob; and that we shall all be happy; and a fig for your Lord Dolittles!"

"Is that all," said Mobile incredulous. "Do you believe all this, my dear?" "There was a time (turning to Ranson) when I should have received a jest like this properly; at present, sir, your talents, which I remember of old, would be better employed elsewhere!"

"What does the man mean?" cried Ranson. "If what I tell you isn't a fact, you shall hang me up for a liar. I am going to pay all your pitiful debts, and you abuse me—a pretty reception, truly, for an old friend." While he spoke this, his tongue faultered with joy; and

and Mobile, gathering from Cinthelia that it was a reality, became almost frantic: he kissed her violently—he ran to Ranson, whose hand he numbed with shaking, then traversed the room with haste, uttering, while the tears forced themselves from his eyes, Good God! is it possible—can this be true! (then striking his head) No, no, I dream—I am thirsty! then throwing himself into the chair, he fell a laughing so violently, that Ranson became alarmed for his senses, and Cinthelia endeavoured to quiet him. Ranson having procured a dram from the bailiff's wife, he became a little easy, though he frequently burst out in expressions bordering on rhapsody, which rendered it, at least, prudent to take a little blood from him, as a prevention of fatal consequences. This being performed, he left them to entertain each other, going to the attorney, that he might himself examine into the state of Mobile's affairs, and end at once every claim.

claim. And now it may not be improper to mention the hint he had dropped, of his ability to crush the pride of Dolittle: he had, through the medium of the same attorney, purchased a mortgage on a large estate, in which three others held a share, against the extravagant Dolittle.

The same day Mobile quitted his dreary apartment, and once more assumed the habit and manners of a gentleman. He had now seen the world, and was not to be deceived by every glittering appearance. A penny-post letter invited Mr. Hervey to a private supper, at their new lodgings, that he, who had sympathized in the sorrow, might also share in the joy of his friends: Cinthelia would also have sent for her children, but Mr. Ranson wished rather that they should not be taken from school, till she had an house to receive them.

Mr.

Mr. Hervey almost wept with pleasure at a change as unexpected as it was great, protesting he had never tasted so much satisfaction since the day he married, when he expected to be put in possession of intrinsic merit.

"We have a debate," said Mr. Ranson, "in which you are qualified to speak; for though you play wrong, when you play for yourself, you may look on and direct. — My friend there has professed some repugnance at my settling my fortune on her while I have a son of my own; but my opinion is, that having injured her in so tender a point, (asking Mr. Mobile's pardon), and having, moreover, been the ruin of her father, I cannot do less. — Now, she argues that Ned was also a considerable loser."

"In my opinion she is partly right :

" but

“ but as fortune has done much for him,
“ less remains to be done by you; and
“ I know him so well, that I am sure he
“ would rejoice, were Mrs. Mobile your
“ only heir.—But there is the world to
“ observe.”

“ Very true,” replied Ranfon—“ I
“ now think we should regard public
“ opinion.—I will leave Ned all that
“ I wronged him of, with interest, and
“ as much as Cinthelia’s annuity of 100l.
“ But now we have another concern to
“ arrange, and that is no less than our
“ choice of life—a strange thing for a
“ man of my years to be concerned
“ about.—Cinthelia has planned an ele-
“ gant retirement, where nature shall be
“ embellished by art, and a terrestrial
“ paradise bloom round us: she has
“ drawn up a poetical plan, and wishes
“ to realize the dreams of rural felicity.
“ Her husband desires to reside in town,
“ and “ where

"where a thousand amusements perpetually change the scene; and I am for neither the one nor the other."

"I," replied Hervey, "am for both in their season.—What can be duller than the country in winter, when no other object meets us than universal sternity, and the very branches exhibit the horrors of the season: the only comfort is a good fire and conversation; but the latter is not always new, and to please is not always in our power.—Town at this season is full of variety; and, in my opinion, he who would wisely make choice of life, will make no choice at all; he will be guided by the accident of the hour, and be led by the variations of season; he will enjoy nature while she blooms in splendor, and the town, when art and genius unite to render it most inviting."

"You

"You have hit it," cried Ranfon.
 "We should soon become hypped in the
 " same dog-trot circle; and so I hope
 " we shall all be satisfied in turn; and
 " this very day I will take that large
 " house facing Lord Dolittle, and drive
 " a carriage against him!"

Mobile entered with pleasure into this
 spirit of revenge, for he had not so far
 conquered his passions, as not to be sub-
 ject to this human failing; and perhaps
 in this case it was excusable.

CHAP. VIII.

WHILE those appendages of riches, superb furniture, and an elegant carriage, were preparing, Cinthelia received a letter from Mrs. Hervey, regretting that their good fortune had deprived her of the satisfaction she had hoped, in leaving their children a testimony of her friendship, and concluded with inviting herself to town.

Thus happiness seemed opening again upon merit, and a serene and brilliant afternoon succeeding a dark and tempestuous morning. The day of their entrance into their new house was celebrated with festivity, amidst a circle of friends, amongst which the children and Mrs. Hervey

Hervey were not the least welcome. For the first time since her return to England Cinthelia was in company with Edward, the family of the Briantons no longer hesitating at an intercourse of friendship, when the danger of a nearer passion had subsided.

No tumult agitated the bosom of Cinthelia, which merely felt the pleasing satisfaction of again recovering a friend, whom for a time she had not seen: even Edward found himself perfectly free from the infatuation which we call love, and thought, for the first time, that Patience was equally handsome, and, if possible, more meek.

This lady, whose feelings were extremely delicate, had not without a latent fear consented to the interview: her eye followed every action of her husband; but his easy familiarity dissipated her fears, and opened her heart to a renovation

novation of that friendship, which had once been the delight of her life.

Amongst the happiest Mr. Ranson might be ranked; for he could not behold around him the pleasure he had diffused, without shedding tears of joy, and more than once he cried out, that true pleasure was only to be tasted in actions of virtue. No clouds sat upon the brow of any but Hervey, who perpetually drew disadvantageous comparisons; and regretted his too great delicacy of selection: nor did Mr. Brianton spare him; for, though not very facetious, he often uttered a dry remark, perhaps more acute; observing, that Hervey said little, and rather drew back from the company.

"Why how now," said he; "thee seemest sad, friend Hervey; but I suppose thee lamentest the absence of
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“thy spouse; when all thy friends are
“paired?”

“You are very good,” said Hervey.
“I was thinking we had nothing to
“reproach each other with; that I was
“only like the boy, who eat his plums
“first, and then found the crust al-
“most too much for him; that Mobile
“and his wife were like him who eat
“the crust first, and now have only the
“plums; and that you, friend, are the
“prudent lad, who eats both together.”

“Thee art not far out, I believe,”
replied Brianton; “for, as thee say’st,
“we have all our shares nearly alike in
“this world; and he is an happy man,
“who has a domestic wife like thine.”

“I fear,” said Cinthelia to Mrs. Hervey, (willing to turn the conversation, which Hervey did not enjoy), “I fear
“your

"your brother will frighten you from
"matrimony—and I think 'tis pity that
"the only person never married in this
"company (except these little ones)
"should be a lady."

"Might I recommend an husband?"
said Mobile; "though as I never re-
"commended but one in my life, and
"he proved a scoundrel, (looking at
"Cinthelia), you will, probably, not
"take my character, or I think you will
"not find a truer hearted man than Ma-
"jor Watton."

"The very thing!" cried Mr. Ran-
son; "for I don't know a better, except
"myself, (ha, ha, ha.)—Here's the Ma-
"jor's health, for he'll stand by Old
"England while an atom sticks toge-
"ther, and that atom he'll grasp in his
"hand while he sinks."

“ You do my friend honour,” replied Mr. Hervey; “ but it is only his due: “ were all Englishmen like him, we “ should not have so many harpies preying upon our entrails, and, like leaches, “ sucking out the principle of our existence, while they would be the first to “ sink us in a storm.—But did you ever “ meet him in your travels?”

“ I once,” returned Mr. Ranfon, “ had the pleasure of dining with him “ in the West Indies, at St. Lucia.—It “ was at a little country house, when we “ were suddenly alarmed by the firing “ of the French, several balls flying “ through the windows: every one was “ in confusion but the Major, who “ fired us not to spoil a good meal, because we had some hard fruit served “ to the table.”

“ I must own,” said Mrs. Hervey,

“ he

“ he is a valiant man, and that is, you
“ know, a great recommendation to us
“ chicken-hearted souls.”

“ You are a compound of all that is
“ strange,” said Hervey.—“ This you
“ admire, because it is contrary to you—
“ that you admire, because it is like
“ you: a man, to be an universal fa-
“ vourite, must either be a warrior or a
“ coxcomb.”

“ Thee are no judge,” said Brianton,
smiling.—“ What say our fair friends?”

“ I think,” said Cinthelia (as he nod-
ded to her) “ there are many exceptions
“ to the rule: but, if we are to draw
“ an universal conclusion from a majori-
“ rity, I believe Mr. Hervey has it.”

“ And now,” said Edward, “ were I
“ not satisfied you would be enamoured
“ of neither, I should say the rule ap-

"plied to you; for it is another universal maxim, that we do not draw general conclusions, without feeling ourselves in some degree inclined to the same."

"Then I," replied Cinthelia, "am an exception, from another universal conclusion; and so let us conclude them."

"I would first hear the opinions of each," said Brianton.

"The disciple of peace," said Hervey, "should never promote war."

"Nor any man advance a maxim he is not willing to hear controverted," retorted the Quaker.—"At least, friend, thee wilt allow thy wife, though she neither fell in love with a warrior or a coxcomb, is no contradiction, for she is altogether bad."

"Not

“Not a contradiction,” repeated Hervey.—“Before I married her, I thought her generous to profusion; when I married her, I found her avaricious to misery; but now she has taken to drinking, I find her careless of every thing, except how to procure a dram.”

“And that should not be difficult,” said Ranfon, “were I in your situation.”

“I know Hervey too well,” replied Mobile, “to suppose he will refuse his wife any indulgence, especially when it is necessary to her *quiet*.”

Here the conversation took another turn: and as the Reader has already a sufficient specimen of social discourse, he may contrast it, if he will, with the eloquent disquisitions of a card table, and the witticisms of, whose *heart* is this? not

mine; it was played away long ago—there goes my honour—that's not the first time you lost it, &c. &c.

The pride of Mr. Ranson was not satisfied with a private triumph; he wished to retort in public on the insolence of the Dolittles, who had not learnt his change of fortune, without vexation, astonishment, and regret. At first they contradicted the report, as a rumour wholly void of fact, and could scarcely admit the credit of their senses, at having the reality presented to their eyes.

Cinthelia, whose generous disposition felt for and pitied the confusion of an enemy, was little pleased with the part she was necessitated to act; and though she could not have consented again to live on terms of relative intercourse, after having received insults, as mean as they were injurious, she would willingly have passed

passed them over in the mass of the world, without either observation or notice.

Mr. Ranson, however, was to be observed, and at his direction she prepared for a grand ball, where all the fashion of the town was expected to assemble. Mobile was in an high flow of spirits, burning with impatience to return disregard on all his former acquaintances who had contributed to plunder him.

The Dolittles, on entering the rooms, were surrounded by their friends, eager after novelty.—“Is it true,” said one, “that Mrs. Mobile actually was on the town?”—“Not, a-absolutely to my knowledge,” answered his Lordship: “the affair was rather—that is—it was one of those kind of mysteries.”—“O! I understand you perfectly,” said a facetious little fop: “there is always some sort of *mystery* in these here kind
“ of

“ of affairs. But I heard she was actu-
“ ally seen in—in—I don’t perfectly re-
“ collect the matter—But the deuce—
“ how have they jumped into such a
“ good thing?”

“ Nobody knows,” said Louisa. “ For
“ my part, I am at a poze, that’s pox.”
“ I know,” said a fat lady, bridling her
head, “ I had it all from my *turney*; and
“ its no wonder at all.”—“ Well, how
“ was it, Lady Sukey?” said half a do-
zen, throwing themselves into a posture
of impatient attention.—“ Why, he
“ found out a gold *mind* in one of the
“ Mexico mountains.”—“ No, no, no,”
interrupted another; “ you have not
“ heard the rights of it; he married a
“ daughter of the grand governor of
“ *Pero*.”—“ But I had it from,” said
Lady Sukey.—“ And I had it from,”
interrupted the other.—“ And you are
“ neither of you right,” cried out an old
gentleman; “ for I know old Ned Ranfon’s
“ agent,

“ agent, and he told me, that Ranfon
“ went to America worse than nothing;
“ in America he met with a very capi-
“ tal purchase, which purchase, being
“ in an eligible situation for a fort, was
“ repurchased by our minister; and—
“ and—.”

Here they were interrupted by the entrance of Cinthelia and her friends, who had delayed till a late hour, that their appearance might attract more observation.

The dress of Cinthelia was extremely elegant, and selected with so judicious a fancy, that her figure was exhibited to the greatest advantage; nor could she forbear a smile of self complacence, when the mirror reflected the blaze of her beauty, which shewed that, though tried and found sterling, she was merely a woman, and therefore such as every woman might copy.

Lord

Lord Dolittle and Louisa, who had flattered themselves Cinthelia's habits of domesticity would retain her at home, were covered with confusion at her appearance, and particularly as several glances of reproach and contempt was thrown upon them by those who had not credited the reports they had circulated.

Mobile had scarcely entered the room, when several of his former acquaintance advanced, pouring out congratulations, and one in particular, with the freedom of established correspondence, held out his hand.—“What, my dear fellow!” cried he, “is it you? I heard of your exploits in America; and, d—n me! I wished myself beside you, (though, by the bye, he had only slightly heard that he had been there): I thought at one time you would have been made general.”

“You

“ You will excuse me, sir,” replied Mobile, coolly; “ but I have not the honour of your acquaintance.” — “ Perhaps the smoke, sir,” said an elderly gentleman, with a smile, “ might cloud your memory ?” — “ Very possibly,” answered Mobile; “ for we had not only smoke, but fire.” — “ And where, indeed,” returned the gentleman, “ will you find a friendship that is proof against such an ordeal ?”

“ Well, but ’pon honour, Mobile,” said the friendly gentleman, “ ’tis a little odd you don’t remember your old friend Sam. You can’t have forgot how we *blowed* up Mother Brand and her *does* in — street; and surely you remember how we smashed the windows of — coffee-house with halfpence, and how —.”

He was running on, but Mobile interrupted

rupted him, with observing, he must certainly be mistaken, and walked away.

"Why now, d—n me," said Sam, "if this ayn't dev'lish droll—quizzzy in extreme; and I don't believe he don't remember all the while!"

"Very possible," replied the gentleman: "and I am of your opinion; for exploits like these you enumerate should render your name immortal."

With some difficulty Mobile freed himself from the crowd of loungers, of whose company he had once delighted to be, but whose manners now appeared the essence of insipidity. The report of his good fortune preceded him amidst all acquainted with his name, and insured him a reception of flattering distinction, as it at the same time reported the wonder, that he had found his senses.

To

To avoid general inquiry Cinthelia attached herself to Mrs. Plomer, whose countenance sufficiently controverted the reports in circulation; and as that lady introduced her to some others, who were amongst the most honourable, she completely triumphed, to the mortification of Louisa, who would now willingly have made the first advances; but these Cinthelia avoided observing, passing her by unnoticed—a treatment that raised her anger, and sent her home overwhelmed with rage.

Mr. Ranson, who had seen her chagrin, and frequently tormented her with asking after the old beggar she had turned from her door, now advanced to congratulate Cinthelia on having won the field, and being himself tired of company to whom he was a stranger, he willingly consented to return.

Some weeks after this Lord Dolittle
made

made the mortifying discovery, that his rents would no longer support him, and that, in fact, the estates of his ancestors had departed. His lady, who could not sustain the frowns of a vile world with sufficient assurance, withdrew to Paris with a particular friend, a young rake, who undertook to comfort her on so trying an occasion.

Thus fortune appeared again to smile on Cinthelia, and, contrary to the general chances of life, to bestow reward upon merit, and peace, after many storms and trials. But on how unstable a foundation do we build the theatre of human hopes, and how quickly may a trifle overcast the fairest prospects!

CHAP. IX.

To him what healing balm can art supply,
 Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die ?
 In that last scene, by Fate, in fables dress'd,
 Thy Power, triumphant Virtue, is confest.

RANTON.

NEAR a twelvemonth they enjoyed the felicity of their situation, mingling in the world, when its amusements were necessary to relieve their domestic scenes, and retiring to the country, when its beauties invited their attention. The behaviour of Mobile was exemplary, and he seem'd to study how he might make amends for his former transgressions: on a sudden, however, he became more serious than usual, often retiring to sit alone in

his study, where he sat musing, without reading—a behaviour which excited in Cinthelia a fear, that his former temptations might now be struggling in his mind for ascendancy, and that, being so long habituated to vice, the past partial return to virtue might have been a forced constraint, and his relapse prove more terrible than his former offences.

She feared hazarding her suspicions to Mr. Ranson, and she had not to learn that forced advice often plunges the patient into the evil we would counsel him to shun; all that remained for her to perform, was, if possible, to keep a stricter attention to her own behaviour, and to plan schemes of amusement, that might divert whatever depression hung upon his mind.

Had jealousy been the predominate passion of her nature, she had now ample room to give it play; but she was

far

far from suspecting a meaning in every smile he bestowed upon others, nor an assignation in every hour of his absence. Something of moment she saw clouded his brow, and she saw also, that he feared her knowing what, as he had several times abruptly quitted her, when they had been left alone.

The openness of Cinthelia's heart was perhaps a defect in her character, when taken in a point of view the world will ever see it in, as it prevented her appearing with that perfect freedom and plainness so necessary to dissipate any chagrin her husband might feel, either from misfortune or concealed indiscretion; for, notwithstanding all her endeavours to the contrary, it was easy to perceive, that her mind was not perfectly tranquil, and that her smiles were not the smiles of the heart: her company, therefore, in place of possessing the lenient power of soothing vexation, by not appearing

pearing to see it, rather increased it, by adopting a portion of its spirit. Had she possessed talents of hypocrisy, and decked in smiles the brow of dejection, her husband would have found in her presence a charm for every sorrow; but, on the contrary, he was naturally led to shun what seemed to pry into his secret, and though he did not as formerly fly abroad for amusement, he shut himself up in his room, where he indulged for hours a gloomy melancholy, under pretention of a desire to study. How difficult is it to govern the waywardness of the human heart, and how impossible, that, in all situations, a woman should attain that degree of perfection, which can modify itself to every occasion!

As this suspense was dreadfully painful to Cinthelia, after much reflection, she resolved to hazard the effects of his displeasure, and, if possible, draw from him the secret of his behaviour, which had
interrupted

interrupted mutual confidence, and wholly overcast the serenity of the past months. In this intention, she endeavoured to calm the agitation of her spirits, and when Mobile was, as usual, shut up in his study, she ventured to ask admittance. He opened the door, coolly desiring to know her errand. She took his hand, and leading him to his seat, sat down beside him—"What, my dear Henry," said she, looking tenderly in his face, "what is it preys upon your mind?" "Have I given you displeasure?"

"No," replied he; "you are only too good for me—But I want to read, and I wish you would leave me."

"I must think, then," said she, a tear glittering in her eye, "that my company has lost the power of pleasing."

"What would you have me say?" returned he, abruptly. — "Cinthelia, dont.

“don't.—I beg you will make yourself
“easy—Where is the strangeness of my
“wishing to read?”

“But *do* you read?” returned she,
with emphasis.—“Ah! Mobile, your
“heart is not happy, and I am unwor-
“thy to know why!”

“You torment me,” said he.—“What
“ground of suspicion? Take care—you
“can be discreet; but prying curiosity
“is unworthy of you.”

“Do not call it so,” said she. “When
“a wife sees her husband touched with
“some secret grief, is it prying curiosity
“to wish to partake it, foolishly, per-
“haps, thinking she has power to fos-
“ten it; and if she feels like me, she
“cannot be indifferent to her husband's
“distress.”

“Nonsense, my dear,” replied he,
kissing

kissing her cheek, which was damped by a tear: "you do, indeed, create yourself trouble, by an imagination too much raised. Have you to learn, that we are not at all times master of ourselves? and is it not better, when the original peevishness of our nature peeps out, that we endeavour to conceal both it and ourselves, than to let it appear to all the world? I believe I am tired of prosperity."

"If that is the case, let us take a journey to Mr. Brianton's?"

"No, not there—I had rather go to some scene of misfortune. Hervey, now, is just fitted for my companion; his asperated remarks might bring me back to a taste for uniform pleasure."

"You are, then," said Cinthelia, faintly smiling, "like a child that is cloyed

“cloyed with sweets.—I see we ought
 “not to complain that Providence gives
 “us crosses, since they are needful to
 “correct our judgement, and relieve the
 “surfeit of happiness.”

Though Cinthelia did not place implicit confidence in this confession, she hoped the company of Mr. Hervey might dispel the gloom, and her apprehensions were considerably lessened at his choice of such a companion. Hervey willingly agreed to be his fellow traveller over the mountains of Wales, observing that man seemed born with the curse of misery on his head; for if no external object infringes on his happiness, he is sure to create either real or imaginary evils.

Cinthelia could not but perceive in this excursion merely an evasion of her inquiries; and as the novelty of preparation wore away, Mobile sunk into deeper dejection, and finally declared
 his

his change of intention : indeed, an alteration so visibly had taken place, for the worse, that he appeared with every symptom of rapid consumption. He obstinately refused advice, and attended to no amusement but his little daughter, who was learning to play the pianoforte ; but even this tired upon his attention, and he shut himself wholly in his closet, in the resolution of seeing no one.

Mr. Ranson was impatient at a behaviour so unaccountable, augmenting to Cinthelia the pain of her situation, by his inquiry of why she did not tease him out of his humour, which he said would shortly kill him, if he was suffered to indulge every whim.

For near a week he refused admittance to every one except his servant ; but not finding, in solitude and seclusion, the

balm he had expected, to heal a deep wound in the mind, he sent for his wife, to repose in her his confidence, and seek the comfort of her counsel.

“ You are all goodness,” said he, “ to
“ visit a criminal in his dungeon ; and
“ listen to what must confirm me in your
“ opinion as a villain, and a viper,
“ whom you have cherished to sting you
“ to death. True, indeed, is the re-
“ mark, that a wounded conscience ad-
“ mits no cure. You see how I have en-
“ deavoured to banish reflection, but re-
“ flection pursues me in my most secret
“ retreats ; in the circles of fashion, in the
“ still moments of midnight, and to my
“ own closet, corroding reflection pursues
“ and imbitters every moment of my ex-
“ istence, and even your virtues dash
“ my vices in my face.”

“ I hope,” said Cinthelia, “ you have
“ no

“no occasion to despair; repentance is
“all that is required.”

“But what is repentance, when repara-
“tion is impossible, when the impass-
“able barrier of death interposes, and
“retribution can only be given, when,
“perhaps, judgment is to be pronounc-
“ed: the stings of unavailing remorse are
“more fearful than any suffering of
“body; in the one we have hope, but
“the other is certainty of despair.”

“The benevolent Creator of mankind,”
replied Cinthelia, “in consideration of
“our fragile nature, has declared his
“pardon, on condition we forsake our
“evil habits.—You, my dear Mobile,
“have done this, then wherefore give
“way to ideas so gloomy? Come, cheer
“up, and again return to society; you
“shall make retribution, as far as is in
“your power, by doing good; and fear
“not,

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L 2 “not,

“ not, but the one will be set in balance
“ against the other.”

Scarcely had Cinthelia ended, when catching her in his arms, he kissed her cheek, then sat down, giving way to tears, which extremely affected her.

For some moments they continued looking at each other, till Mobile, having recovered his resolution, went on—
“ Surely, Cinthelia, you are related to
“ heaven, whose attribute you have told
“ me is forgiveness; but though you
“ should, yet I cannot forgive myself. I
“ have often various encounters with
“ pride, resolved to lay myself open to
“ you, in the dark colours that beset
“ me—I find it impossible I should
“ longer be my own confidant.

“ Some little time after our marriage
“ I happened to be at Vauxhall, with
“ some desolate acquaintances, where
“ we,

“ we, as usual, endeavoured to supply
“ the place of wit by red port, till we
“ were qualified for some exploit that
“ deserved a caning. In this condition
“ we stumbled on a party of young wo-
“ men, who were accompanied by their
“ sweethearts, and as they were pretty,
“ we were not repulsed till we had taken
“ each a kiss, in defiance of several
“ blows from their male companions,
“ who, to do them justice, acted with
“ spirit. One of the girls was particu-
“ larly handsome, a fine brunette, and,
“ to confess the truth, I thought her
“ almost equal to you. As I found it
“ impossible to attach myself to the
“ company, whom I tormented with
“ my intrusion, I disengaged myself both
“ from them and my companions, wait-
“ ing at a distance.

“ We had disconcerted their pleasure
“ for the evening, and they retired home
“ early, while I followed them to the

“ water, taking another boat, which I
“ ordered to follow. They landed at
“ Blackfriars, from whence I traced
“ them to a milliner’s in Alderman-
“ bury, where they all entered, and
“ where I waited with patience till near
“ two o’clock, when I had the satisfac-
“ tion of seeing all the men, except one,
“ come out: I now made sure of my
“ prey; for, as to the honour of a mil-
“ liner, I considered it as a mere bau-
“ ble, bought and sold a dozen times
“ over.”

“ But did you not recollect, that ho-
“ nour, to a female of low rank, is her
“ only portion, and therefore more va-
“ luable to her than to one in a higher
“ station, for in this particular a plough-
“ man is as scrupulous as a lord,” said
Cinthelia.

“ No,” replied he, “ I considered no-
“ thing but my own pleasure. — We
“ rakes

“ rakes seldom look forward to conse-
“ quences ; or if we have a qualm, when
“ the head-ache fits upon us in the
“ morning, we console ourselves by re-
“ flecting, that the girls are as ready as
“ we, that their apparent reluctance is
“ only to invite us to the chace, and that
“ they would laugh at us for fools, if
“ we did not employ every stratagem to
“ subdue them.

“ I knew that impudence, dazzle, and
“ shew seldom failed to overcome, and
“ the next morning, dressed in an ele-
“ gant suit, with my rascal of a valet,
“ who was a Frenchman and a pimp,
“ I rolled up to the door, no doubt cre-
“ ating palpitations in the heart of every
“ seamstress ; down flew my footman, out
“ leaped I, and in at the shop, before
“ they had time to adjust their fea-
“ tures. The good woman of the shop
“ almost overwhelmed me with civilities,
“ dropping a courtesy at every word,
“ while

“ while I observed, by the tittering of
“ the girls, I was fresh in their me-
“ mory.

“ You carry on a large trade, Mrs.
“ Schoffel, said I, and you seem to have
“ very industrious workwomen?—Yes,
“ sir, pretty well.—I’m a single man,
“ and if I like your work, shall have a
“ few dozen shirts made—with your
“ permission, I will look at a pattern?”

“ I stepped instantly up to the table,
“ where the young women were at work,
“ and so confused at my sudden appear-
“ ance among them, that they had scarce
“ courage too look up. The young
“ woman I had marked as mine, was at
“ work on a cap—This, said I, taking
“ hold of it, is extremely neat; I need
“ not go further for a sample.

“ Sally is a very good needle woman,
“ sir; but you do her much honour.

“ Of

“ Of what priced cloth would you be
“ pleased to have your shirts?

“ That we'll settle in a minute. Such
“ as this will do, pulling open the bo-
“ som of my shirt, that they might see
“ the whiteness of my skin.”

“ Forshame!” said Cinthelia, blush-
ing—“ How could you do so, amongst
“ so many young women?”

“ The girls blushed as you do, my
“ dear, and bit their lips, to prevent a
“ laugh. I wonder, Mrs. Schoffel, said
“ I, how caps were first invented—Does
“ any of these ladies know? I'm sure I
“ don't, and I never heard, was repeated
“ by several, while I went on—I wish,
“ said I, men had adopted the custom;
“ it would make us ugly fellows dev'lish
“ handsome, I dare say.

“ Pray, sir, don't call yourself ugly,
“ said

“ said the good woman ; in my opinion
“ there are few handsomer gentlemen.
“ Is that your opinion, ladies, said I,
“ laughing, while a simper, bridle, and
“ smile ran round the table—Give me
“ leave, Miss Sarah, we may as well be
“ merry as not, let me try on the cap,
“ for, ’pon my honour, if it fits me, I’ll
“ buy it for the next masquerade. As I
“ had placed myself next to Sally, I took
“ the cap from her, and putting it on,
“ made her adjust it, while she blushed
“ like crimson—no bad sign, as I inter-
“ preted it ; nor did I fail to tell her
“ what I thought by my eyes.—You
“ smile, my dear, at this frolic, but
“ it had more meaning than you may
“ think : first impressions generally go
“ far with the women, and they forgive
“ a man fifty offences, who begins by
“ offending, while a modest fellow may
“ cringe and whine himself into the
“ grave, before he can gain a smile. I
“ have been judged handsomer than my
“ sister,

“ sister, when dressed in her clothes, and
“ I saw the metamorphose had not lost
“ its effects, by the gazing of the girls,
“ though they could not keep their
“ countenance steady. How much is
“ this cap, Mrs. Schoffel, said I, for I
“ must positively make it my first purchase.
“ chase.

“ You are a very comical gentleman,
“ said she, *smirking*; but if you must
“ buy it, you had better have it sent
“ home.—Very true: let Miss Sarah
“ bring it, and then I will give her one
“ of my shirts for a sample. There’s
“ one of my cards.”

“ And did she come?” said Cinthelia—“ Did you really ask her, when I
“ was in the way?”

“ Do you think it? I should soon
“ have been detected; besides, I had
“ a maxim, always to proportion my
“ designs

“ designs to the point aimed at: it
“ would be folly to aim a twenty-four
“ pounder at a sparrow. Had I given
“ myself out for a lord, I should have
“ instantly betrayed myself, and, by set-
“ ting the girl at too great a distance,
“ have banished the fantasy, which every
“ girl indulges, in expecting to make a
“ husband of every man who flatters
“ her, and which hope, like an ignis fa-
“ tuus, dances before her over the mists
“ and quagmires of passion, till she is so
“ far entangled, that she resists no longer,
“ and becomes an easy prey.”

“ I wonder,” said Cinthelia, “ how
“ it is us poor females escape at all
“ from such wretches.”

“ And I wonder how they are ever de-
“ ceived; and they are never deceived but
“ by their own pride. Plain Mr. Thomp-
“ son was the name I assumed, and my
“ address, at an elegant ready furnished
“ floor

“ floor in Ormond-street, where Sally
“ came with her cap at the hour ap-
“ pointed. It was with difficulty I could
“ prevail over her diffidence to come up,
“ without at once betraying myself; but
“ when up stairs, I insisted on her taking
“ a glass of wine, as she seemed flurried
“ with walking. I will spare you the
“ witticisms that I uttered. I drew from
“ her a confession, that the young man
“ I had seen at Vauxhall was her lover,
“ but they had not yet fixed upon any
“ thing.

“ How so my dear, said I; why you
“ can't have any objection; he's a good
“ looking young fellow enough, ayn't
“ he, and as to his looking a little sheep-
“ ish, it's only the way of the city: per-
“ haps he's not bold enough to make
“ known his hopes to so lovely a crea-
“ ture as yourself, and, probably, he
“ reads severity in your eye. She smil-
“ ed and turned away her head, while I
“ rallied

“ rallied on—Now, said I, taking her
“ hand, if I was to fall in love with
“ you, and, in truth, I’m half tempted,
“ I should not take any repulse; I should
“ think, and I should say, you were
“ the most enchanting girl in nature—I
“ should tell you, that your eyes had
“ penetrated my heart, and fixed the
“ image of yourself eternally there—I
“ should wait till smiles dimpled in your
“ cheeks, as they now do, and then I
“ should press you to my bosom, extort
“ a reluctant yes, and seal my happiness
“ on your lips. You may suppose I was
“ not backward at this conclusion: she
“ had almost forgot herself at my man-
“ ner, but the kiss recovered her senses,
“ and rising half angry, half pleased, she
“ was at a loss for words, and hurried
“ away, without my offering to detain
“ her further, than to exact her promise
“ to call again when the first shirt was
“ finished.

“ At

“ At the second visit, I protested I
“ had scarcely slept an hour in her ab-
“ sence—that I was distractedly in love
“ with her, and could not live with-
“ out her: by this I gained only a few
“ kisses, and a distant hint at matri-
“ mony. But this was a string I did
“ not wish to touch, as I was not yet
“ callous enough to delude a girl by
“ that bait, any further than she chose
“ herself. I should weary you by men-
“ tioning every trifle conducing to the
“ grand design, which I postponed, till
“ I found the girl actually loved me,
“ and had discarded her lover. I then
“ determined the place of our first meet-
“ ing should be the place of her ruin;
“ but I found her so much upon her
“ guard, that though she allowed me
“ freedoms inconsistent with modesty,
“ no stratagem short of violence could
“ prevail.

“ This was a mode I was unwilling to
“ adopt,

“ adopt, on account of consequences,
“ and I rather consented to wait till she
“ should be more willing : I, however,
“ now began to hint at matrimony, pro-
“ testing that, as soon as I should find
“ my fortune disengaged, I should marry,
“ though I did not say it should be her.
“ I perceived the instantaneous change
“ this declaration made : she had always
“ treated me with a kind of respectful
“ distance, but now she opened her
“ heart to me with the confidence of
“ friendship. She was a good-natured
“ girl—poor thing !”

Here Mobile stopped for a moment,
very much affected, and Cinthelia was
too much interested to speak. He then
went on.

“ Sunday was the only day she had
“ wholly to herself ; and as she had
“ never been at Richmond, I prevailed
“ on her to go, not in my own carriage,
“ left

“left some of my acquaintance should
“meet us. I had often wished to take
“her to a dance, where I knew the heat
“would tempt her to drink, a thing she
“was particularly cautious to avoid;
“but it being Sunday, that scheme was
“impracticable: I took care, however,
“to raise as much dust as possible in rid-
“ing, and as we were in a gig, exposed
“to a hot sun, my design was partly
“answered, and the better to disguise it,
“I proposed nothing but ale. This she
“was unused to, and therefore did not
“suspect it was worse for the head than
“wine, while at the same time it only
“increased the thirst. I contrived also
“that our dinner should be sufficiently
“seasoned, and by management I pre-
“vailed on her to drink more than
“usual, so that she became perfectly gay
“and good-humoured. To lull asleep
“every suspicion, I took her out to view
“the prospect on the hill, and from
“thence a long circle, purposely to fa-
“tigue

"tigue her, frequently by the way tak-
 "ing little freedoms, which tinged her
 "cheeks with blushes, and kindled the
 "latent flame of desire."

"What villainous design!" exclaimed
 Cinthelia—"I tremble for the foolish
 "girl. Sir Charles Higham was a coun-
 "terpart of yourself—I wish it were
 "possible to tell all the world the arts
 "of such wretches."

"I postponed till after tea my grand
 "attempt, when, knowing that at the
 "moment we think ourselves most se-
 "cure, we are most liable to fall, and
 "when the heart is gladdened by any
 "sudden joy, it is, as it were, intoxicat-
 "ed; I therefore made certain of no
 "interruption, and insisting, if she loved
 "me, she would drink a glass of wine—
 "I began to make love, as fervently as
 "romance ever painted—I seated her
 "on my knee, and, after a thousand
 "protestations

“ protestations of love, told her my
“ fortune was now free, and that I had
“ resolved to marry her in less than a
“ week, to which I solemnly swore. Her
“ pleasure, at this declaration, was so
“ great, that she had almost fainted in
“ my arms; and this afforded me pre-
“ tence to force upon her another glass
“ of wine.—I will spare you, Cinthelia,
“ I will spare myself, any more parti-
“ culars—Every thing that could com-
“ bined to her fall, and added another
“ victim to credulity. I should not
“ have been so minute, but to shew you
“ how much more guilty I was than
“ she, and that few could have resisted;
“ who had been placed in her situation;
“ with passion and credulity in their
“ heart.

“ It was late in the evening before she
“ recovered a perfect sense of her shame;
“ and then her agonies and repentance
“ are not to be described.—She conjured
“ me,

"me, by every thing, not to let her be
 "exposed, and bound me, by the most
 "horrid oaths, to perform my promise
 "of marriage, which I repeated, to quiet
 "her agitation; for, to say truth, I fear-
 "ed she would have lost her senses,
 "though I had once before seen a girl
 "in nearly the same situation.—A vio-
 "lent passion of tears gave her some
 "relief, and I ventured to propose her
 "return.

"To where can I go? said she, sob-
 "bing—I am lost.—Thompson, is this
 "your love, to sink me in misery—
 "How dare I appear before my mis-
 "tress—I shall break the hearts of my
 "father and mother—But do you, do
 "you, upon your soul, and in very truth,
 "promise to marry me?

"I do, I do, my angel! cried I. Come,
 "why are you such a foolish: how
 "many thousand think nothing about
 "such

“such a trifle. For my sake and your
“own, I conjure you to be calm, return
“to Mrs. Schoffel, and say nothing of
“what is passed: you surely would
“not expose yourself; for remember,
“that would be to lose me, for you
“know I cannot marry a girl who de-
“stroy her own character.”

“O wretched, wretched creature! ex-
“claimed she, you promise and deny in
“the same breath: but you will be mi-
“serable to all eternity, you will be a
“perjured man, if you do not perform
“your promise, and you will be my
“murderer!—Poor girl, she was too
“much discomposed to know well what
“she said.—You are affected, Cinthe-
“lia—let me cease at present?”

“No,” said Cinthelia, weeping.—
“Poor, unfortunate Sally! let me know
“what is become of her?”

“After

“After much difficulty, I prevailed
“on her to return, and, to account for
“the marks of grief on her cheeks, I
“gave out, that we had been assaulted
“by an highwayman, who had severely
“frightened her, and, to give the story
“an air of truth, actually lodged an in-
“formation at the office, with a ficti-
“tious description.”

“What infinite pains,” said Cinthe-
lia, “it requires to make a villain; let
“nobody complain how difficult it is to
“be virtuous. But of what value could
“be a conquest like this, where the
“pleasure bore not the least proportion
“to the pain, and where, if sentiment
“never crossed you, the simple trouble
“must more than balance the joy.”

—“Your reflections are just: but there
“are two reasons in opposition; the
“one, the pleasure of conquering and
“triumphing

“triumphing over difficulty; the other,
“that when we determine on gratifica-
“tion, we never take into view the con-
“sequences; besides, we want an in-
“trigue, to fill up the vacancies of
“drinking and gaming.”

“But where is the triumph of a man,
“with good education, superior sense,
“and independent fortune, overcoming
“a poor ignorant milliner, whose little
“head, perhaps, dreams of love and
“nonsense all day long?”

“The same,” said he, “as a sportf-
“man mounted on an horse, and at-
“tended by a pack of hounds, feels in
“running down a little timid hare. The
“pleasure is in the pursuit, not the at-
“tainment.”

“A strange comparison; but you
“men are strange animals; however,
“continue,

"continue, if you please—I wish, yet
"fear, to know all."

"For some time I amused her with
"promises, and, to do farther justice to
"her character, which was certainly su-
"perior to most of the sex, I own with
"shame, that I had nearly as much dif-
"ficulty to lead her to a second trans-
"gression; but after that we had no
"more qualms of the same nature, and
"poor Sally soon gave herself wholly
"up to me."

"As the effects of our illicit connec-
"tion began to appear, and another
"storm of passion was gathering, I had
"some debate with myself about wholly
"deserting her, which the disguise I had
"assumed rendered practicable; but,
"to say truth, her ingenious modesty
"of behaviour so far surpassed the
"affectation of town women, that I
"was

“ was not yet satiated with my bar-
“ gain.”

Cinthelia was going to interrupt him.

“ I know,” said he, preventing her,
“ what you would say—We rakes, tho’
“ perfectly satisfied with our wives, yet,
“ because they are such, and may be
“ lived with in honour, often forsake
“ them for wretches, that will not stand
“ the comparison in any one point.—

“ Having overcome the repugnance of
“ Sally to a licentious life, it was not
“ very difficult to carry her to private
“ apartments, where she insisted on pas-
“ sing for my wife, to keep alive the
“ faint hope, which still glimmered in
“ her fancy, and which I indulged, from
“ a very singular reason: a woman in
“ her situation seldom confines her fa-
“ vours to one, unless she can be fixed
“ by an expectation of this nature, or is
“ fondly in love—in either case, she is
“ every thing but a wife.

“ In a lodging at Paddington, Sally
“ became the mother of a son, which, at
“ the hazard of my displeasure, she per-
“ sisted in nursing herself, and as, by
“ so doing, she soon lost that neatness
“ of person I had at first admired, I
“ found that she was rapidly declining
“ in my affections, and I was consider-
“ ing on the best means of quitting her,
“ when one day I found her in company
“ with the old washerwoman, who had
“ known me at my father’s, and now ex-
“ pressed signs of the greatest astonish-
“ ment, looking from one to the other.
“ Not having any desire to be present at
“ an explanation, I resolved to brazen
“ it out, throwing myself into a chair,
“ and humming a tune.

“ I hope, sir, said she, your wife is
“ well?

“ You see she’s as well as can be
“ expected,

“ expected, ma’am, said I, nodding
“ at Sally, while we stared at each o-
“ ther.

“ Mrs. Mobile, sir, said she, I mean,
“ (for at this moment she did not know
“ my connection with Sally).

“ Really mem, I replied, I have not
“ the pleasure to know either Mrs. Mo-
“ bile or you.—Is this an acquaintance
“ of yours, my dear ?

“ No, sir, said Sally, trembling and
“ colouring; she has brought home
“ some linen.—The old woman shook
“ her head, and looked at me with such
“ an air of spiteful reproach, that I had
“ some difficulty to keep my counte-
“ nance.—Some people, muttered she,
“ have very short memories—fine doings,
“ truly.

“ Are you not satisfied with your pay,
“ Mrs. What’s-your-name?

“ Fye upon it, replied she: if your
“ father, Mr. Mobile, knew this, he
“ would not rest in his grave.

“ You mistake your person, ma-
“ dam.

“ Can I mistake my own son? said
“ she.

“ That’s dev’lish good, replied I,
“ laughing.—My dear Sally, you see
“ what a bargain you have made, in
“ taking a washerwoman’s son.—I be-
“ lieve the woman’s mad; and I insist,
“ however, that she shall come here no
“ more.

“ The old woman instantly quitted
“ the room; but my last speech had
“ served rather to raise than allay suspi-
“ cion;

“ cion; and finding I could not quiet
“ her fears, which overflowed in com-
“ plaints and tears, I took an hasty
“ leave, almost resolving never to go
“ near her again. My resolution only
“ held till the second day; but I was
“ struck with astonishment, on learning
“ she had not been at home since the
“ preceding evening; nor had she left
“ any traces behind her. Remorse, for
“ a short time, caused me to believe she
“ had drowned herself; but, on inquiry,
“ finding the old woman also missing, I
“ then concluded they had taken them-
“ selves away together—a proceeding I
“ was not sorry for, as it relieved me
“ from an embarrassment I began to feel
“ troublesome.”

“ I am anxious to know the end of
“ this tragedy,” said Cinthelia.

“ Tragedy, indeed!” replied Mobile,
with a deep sigh.—“ It is very late;

" you had better go to bed, and suffer
" me to think over the remainder till
" morning."

" No," said she, wiping away a tear;
" I will take a glass of water, and
" then."

CHAP. X.

TILL about half a year since, I never heard any thing of Sally, nor did I give myself any trouble to inquire, when walking one day along Ratchiffe Highway, merely to see the town, for I had not any business that way, a little boy, who was crying before the door of a chandler's shop, excited my curiosity, as I fancied his features something like my own, and the glance of his eye brought Sally strong to my memory.—My little fellow, said I, what do you cry for? who is your father?—A very naughty man, fir.—What's your name?—Charles Thompson. I was so damped, that I had not power to speak for some mo-

“ ments, but taking the boy by the hand,
“ I bade him lead me to his mother.

“ My heart fluttered, and every joint
“ trembled, as I ascended the dark nar-
“ row stairs—Where, thought I, is Pro-
“ vidence, which allows a wretch like me
“ to live in luxurious ease, while the
“ victim of my transgressions is buried
“ in misery: but when I accused Provi-
“ dence of this partiality, I forgot that
“ my good fortune was owing to being
“ bound in the same link of fate with an
“ angel. The door was opened by the
“ washerwoman, who started as if she
“ had seen a spectre.—What brought
“ you here? cried she; we heard you
“ were transported; how have you got
“ back? Are you come to murder us,
“ that you may be hanged at once for
“ your villanies!

“ Patience, good woman, said I,
“ advancing—No abuse.—But I will,
“ said

“ said she, stamping—Begone, fir! your
“ very sight is worse than ratsbane and
“ poison—Go, and never come near us
“ again!

“ Can you be so cruel? said I.—You
“ are crueller, interrupted she; your
“ very sight has murder in it!—Charley,
“ leave go his hand—that’s your wicked
“ father.

“ I’m sure, said the boy, beginning
“ to cry, he spoke very good to me;
“ and I don’t think he’s a naughty
“ man.

“ I must own the boy’s pleading in
“ my favour smote upon my heart with a
“ sensation I cannot describe, and which
“ I wish never again to experience: in
“ spite of myself, I found my eyes dim-
“ med with tears, and I stood a moment
“ irresolute.—A feeble voice, from be-
“ hind the curtain, inquired what was
“ the

“ the matter, and why we made that
“ noise.—Away! cried the woman—let
“ me beg you to go.—May I not see
“ her?—You may not, indeed, sir.—
“ Meanwhile the little boy ran up to
“ the bed side, crying out it was papa,
“ and no naughty man: at the same
“ time, I passed the old woman, to the
“ other side of the room, where the cur-
“ tains were open; but my very soul
“ was shocked, and is still haunted by
“ the dreadful apparation—O! Cinthe-
“ lia, forgive me?—Poor Sally, whom I
“ had known in all the pride of beauty,
“ and I may say, modesty, whose cheeks
“ mantled with blushes like the opening
“ rose, and whose eye once beamed with
“ expression, was now extended upon
“ the bed of death, a pale spectre: her
“ cheeks no more were lovely with the
“ glow of health, but tarnished and sunk,
“ while her eyes had so terrible a mix-
“ ture of wildness, sorrow, and vacuity
“ in

“in them, that I could not bear a minute to look upon them.

“You are come then, at last, said she, in a hollow faint voice, but your presence does not now affect me, as it would, had I been in health.—See here your poor conquest, which the grave will soon shut from your view; look at these arms, Mobile, (and the poor thing extended her emaciated arms), they are now no longer filled with strength; they were capable once of providing me a living with honesty, but you have destroyed their power; they are now little better than dry bones. These features, that tempted you, are changed, and I shall soon be changed; but when will you change? Was it not enough to bring me down to an early grave, but you come to insult me in death, to view the ruins of a thing, which once was thought lovely, like a shining sepulchre?

“You

“ You wrong me, said I, deeply groan-
 “ ing.—I own I am a miscreant, a mon-
 “ ster unworthy to breath ; but I, even
 “ I, am incapable of such a baseness as
 “ that —. Say no more, said she, you
 “ know I cannot believe you. Remem-
 “ ber the fearful oaths and imprecations,
 “ which the Almighty has witnessed—O!
 “ remember and tremble ! While you
 “ are in health, it may appear a light
 “ thing, to trifle with appeals to God,
 “ and every thing sacred, but you will
 “ one day remember all this with hor-
 “ ror. Go, go then, to your injured
 “ wife, whom I too in ignorance wronged,
 “ ask her pardon for me, and begin to
 “ repent, *for thou, too, shalt surely die*
 “ And will you pardon me ? said I.
 “ Come, dearest Sally, look on this boy—
 “ I will settle on you all an annuity ;
 “ live for him, if you hate me.
 “ ‘Tis too late now, said she, you are
 “ come

“ come to see me just before I go hence,
 “ and probably you will never see me
 “ again; you will then recollect it is all
 “ your own work—Go! I cannot bear to
 “ see you any longer.—(Then raising
 “ her eyes)—My soul, said she, fervently,
 “ is weary of my life: I will leave my com-
 “ plaint upon myself; I will speak in the
 “ bitterness of my soul. I will say unto God,
 “ do not condemn me; shew me wherefore
 “ thou contendest with me*.

Her voice so faltered that I feared
 “ she was going to faint.—I did not
 “ suppose, by this exertion of reason,
 “ that her life was in particular danger.
 “ I ventured to kiss her hand, which she
 “ struggled to take away, while it trem-
 “ bled like a dying bird—I gave the
 “ nurse the contents of my purse, and
 “ kissing the boy, hastened out of the
 “ room, so oppressed with something in

* Job, chap. x.

door

“ my

“ my breast, that I could scarcely breath:
“ I sat down in the window seat of the
“ first landing, to recover my senses, be-
“ fore I went into the street.

“ From the woman in the shop, I
“ learnt, that they had resided in her
“ house from the time I had lost them,
“ that they subsisted by the needle,
“ clear starching, and nursing, when
“ those were slack.

“ Bitter were the reflections that
“ crowded on my mind, and as futile as
“ bitter.—I endeavoured to overcome
“ them, by considering that what I had
“ done was repeated every day; but
“ universal practice could not obliterate
“ individual guilt.

“ The next morning I hastened there
“ early, and with intention to surprize
“ them, walked up stairs without notice.
“ Mrs. Burton, the nurse, opened the
“ door,

“ door, starting back at my appear-
“ ance, without speaking. The windows
“ were half closed, and so dismal was
“ every thing round, that I stood still,
“ without courage to advance.

“ You may come in now, said she.

“ I hope, then, your mistress is bet-
“ ter?—I hope so too, for she was bad
“ enough in this world.

“ How! cried I, shuddering—What
“ do you say? Speak! say! what!

“ She is dead, sir.—Dead! Good God!
“ It can't be—Am I such a wretch! I
“ advanced wildly to the bed, where the
“ corps of Sarah lay extended—I had
“ only power to see that she was, in-
“ deed, no more, for death had spread
“ over her his fading garments. Stung
“ to the centre of my soul, with irre-
“ movable remorse, I had not the power
“ of

“ of utterance—I started from the bed
“ side, and, without speaking, ran into
“ the street, where I wandered, uncon-
“ scious of any thing, and was several
“ times reprimanded for running against
“ the passengers. I felt like the wounded
“ animal, who flies from the dart planted
“ in its bosom, whose struggles serve
“ only to increase the irritation.

“ Under my directions she was de-
“ cently interred: but what can express
“ the sorrow of my soul! Her image
“ perpetually haunts me. If I lay down
“ at night, her emaciated form seems be-
“ side me, and her menaces sound in my
“ ear, as the warrant of eternal con-
“ demnation. See then, Cinthelia, what
“ a wretch I am, unworthy of life or
“ you!”

Cinthelia, amidst her tears, and the
horror she felt at this narration, could
not withhold her pity from the criminal
before

before her, though she could not find a single palliative, to soften the harshness of his crime: she could only bid him hope for mercy, and endeavour to make what retribution yet was in his power, by providing for his son and Mrs. Burton.

"We will go together," said she, "and see this boy, and the good old nurse." "Come, when shall it be? Despondency is not the right way to do well.—You should endeavour to live, that you may atone, in future, for the evils you committed in the wildness of youth."

"The madness of idiotism—the distraction of reason, rather call it," said he, "when I had no more sense than a child, with the powers and passions of manhood. If young men could reflect what remorse they lay up for themselves, they would shun like contagion

" the allurements of vice, which, indeed,
 " give pleasure to the moment, but are
 " followed with ages of pain. I see,
 " after all, that a religious education is
 " best; it is like a barrier between pas-
 " sion and crime; for the first sign a
 " youth thinks he displays of manhood,
 " is to throw down the barrier, and rush,
 " as it were, into a desert of destruction,
 " where not a single plant of value is
 " produced. Young men love to be
 " thought wise, and it being easier to
 " condemn than to prove, they adopt
 " those principles which suit their vici-
 " nous inclinations, and never examine
 " their fallacy.

" I have often thought," said Cinthe-
 " lia, " when I have heard young men de-
 " claiming against religion and priest-
 " craft, that they were a parcel of very
 " stupid, ignorant fellows, and, I am
 " persuaded, could not have told me
 " whether the council of Trent, or the
 " council

“ council of Nice, was first; and they
“ were equally good politicians; for
“ every politician, even granting all re-
“ ligion a farce, will lay down that farce
“ as the fundamental of government; for
“ if the mind has no law, you will not
“ easily find law for the body.”

“ One great reason, with free thinkers,
“ as they erroneously call themselves,”
“ (for they rarely think at all), said
Mobile, “ is, that the ancients were
“ not influenced by any hopes of im-
“ mortality.—Is that true, my dear?”

“ No,” replied she, “ very far from
“ it; and the school boy, who has read
“ Virgil or Telemachus, where the hero
“ descends into the infernal regions,
“ would blush at such gross ignorance.
“ Why were heroes deified, if their spi-
“ rits were not supposed immortal? and
“ Tooke’s Pantheon would, in half an
“ hour, lead them to the Elysian fields.”

“ The

The subject might have been further continued, but the clock striking two, Cinthelia retired to her bed, where sleep, at length, secluded the unfortunate Sarah.

The task now before Cinthelia was of a nature the most difficult her situation could possibly require: on the one hand, she had to pour into a wounded mind the balm of enlivening hope; on the other, every palliation of the crime was an outrage against morality and truth, for not one single argument could be advanced in excuse; and even had that been possible, they must have struck against herself. In this situation, the most ingenious arguments of human reason failed her, and she had only to lead him insensibly to religion, for though the greatest outrage had been committed against its principles, it alone had power to still the tumults of an horror struck mind. Knowing his disease, she could

The likewise

likewise endeavour to draw him into those amusements that might relieve.

Amongst these, she proposed their visiting together the old nurse, that they might see nothing was wanting to the boy; and accordingly, a few days after, they took a trip to Highgate, where the nurse had retired.

The boy was at school, but Mrs. Burton, finding they would not stay, sent for him home, delighted with the goodness of Cinthelia, whom she praised for condescension—"As how many very good
" women," said she, " would turn such
" a child adrift to starve: but I remember, Miss, when I was younger myself,
" and my little girl, that's now dead
" and gone—Well, poor Letty went
" with me one day to your father's,
" where I was washing, and I remember
" how you gave her half your bread and
" butter—

“butter—I shall never forget it—you
“were the sweetest Miss.”

Here the good woman was interrupted by the entrance of the boy, a fine rosy lad, with health in every limb: he stood off at a distance, seeing a stranger in the room; but assured by the kindness of Cinthelia, he soon became familiar, and his good-nature gained her affection.

“Should you like to live with me?”
said Cinthelia.

“Yes, ma’am,” said the boy, turning his eye to the nurse, “if my Ma Burton
“was with me.”

“But won’t you leave your Ma Burton,
“ton, to have fine clothes and a hobby
“horse?”

“No,” said he, “I would rather stay
“and

“and ride Towler—I wish he was here,
“and you should see such a great big
“dog, big enough to carry you.”

Cinthelia smiled, and after some conversation, with a present, and invitation to nurse to bring her charge to town, she finished a visit, in which she had been the principal actor, though not the most concerned, Mobile having sat nearly silent during their stay, now looking at the child, and then at Cinthelia, with internal remorse, and a groan of contrition.

“My dear,” said Cinthelia, after they had rode some time in silence, “I have a
“favour to ask, which, before hand, you
“must not deny me.”

“If your usual discretion dictates,” replied he, “I shall have no occasion.”

“It is, then, that Charles may come and
“live with us, and be educated as your
“other

" other children ; for though he is not
 " entitled in law to the same provision
 " and protection, yet, in the eye of na-
 " ture, equity, and morality he is, with,
 " if possible, a superior claim on our
 " humanity, as he has not a legal de-
 " mand."—" You speak like an angel,
 " my love," replied Mobile ; " you are
 " infinitely too good for this world, and
 " I must not suffer your good-nature to
 " be too much imposed on.—What
 " would your acquaintance say to your
 " adopting a natural child of your hus-
 " band's ?"

" Never again," said she, " call him
 " so ; it is stigmatizing your legitimate
 " children as unnatural.—But what has
 " the world to do with the present
 " affair ?"

" You generally are right in your
 " judgment," returned he ; " but at
 " present your good-nature is superior
 " to

“ to your good sense. These children,
“ will not always be so. They are now
“ too old not to know that they are not
“ alike ours; and it is more than pro-
“ bable Sophia and Charles might con-
“ ceive a passion for each other. Had
“ they been infants, their union would
“ have given perfection to your cha-
“ racter.”

“ I am convinced,” said Cinthelia,
“ but in future, if you would ever per-
“ mit them to see each other, they must
“ not be ignorant of their affinity, or
“ the evil will not be avoided.”

Though these excursions for the mo-
ment gave Mobile a glow of spirits, no
sooner was he suffered to be alone, than
his mind was haunted by representations
of guilt no consideration could eradicate,
and he was evidently declining to the
grave. Mr. Ranfon fancied he had re-
ceived some material injury in the cam-

paign, which had ruined his constitution, and Hervey attributed it to the waywardness of human nature.

Henry and Charles, (the latter at the charge of Mrs. Hervey, who adopted him for her heir), were sent to a boarding school, a few miles from town, where they were to be qualified for mercantile employ, that they might avoid the rocks on which the juvenile years of their father had been wrecked, there not being a more common oversight, nor a greater folly in the system of modern education, than suffering habits of indolence in youth, because their parents possess an independency, or allowing them to expect, that nothing awaits them but the splendor of gentility. Youth is proud of being thought manly; and what is more absurd than to see many an invalid at twenty, whose constitution has been ruined in debauchery, for want of something to do? If parents reflected, that a very short

short lived pride is the only gratification resulting from those ideas of grandeur, and that almost before they are cold in the tomb, the labour of their life is squandered to make a *dash*, they would surely forego the transient pleasure of styling master—a gentleman, and miss—a lady.

A public school was preferred to private tuition, for though there are some objections, as to evil example, yet the contrary mostly predominates: a public school is a species of *republic*; no superior is acknowledged but in talent, no domineering, purse-proud tyrant, is allowed, private vices are hooted, and the noble virtues acknowledged and acquired; the world is not unknown, and by conversation and intercourse with various characters, a facility of acting is acquired.

By placing these youths with a merchant or tradesman, when their years al-

lowed it, they would be restrained from vicious connections, be taught to know themselves, and at any time might assume the gentleman—a character of so easy adoption, that common understanding, and a few guineas, are qualifications sufficient.

CHAP. XI.

Thou kind Preserver! whose attentive zeal
 Gives me, in this contented hour, to feel
 That dearest pleasure of a soul refin'd,
 The triumph of the self corrected mind.

TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

FOR half a year Mobile continued to
 linger, daily exhibiting new symptoms of
 decay, and being nearly exhausted, was
 wholly confined to his room: medical
 assistance was of no avail, and the only
 comfort he found was in the conversation
 of Cinthelia, who attended him almost
 night and day.

Thus, in the middle of his life, sur-

rounded by allurements, and blessed with a *Wife of Ten Thousand*, he fell a victim to the vices of unthinking youth; for when repentance overtook him, he experienced its futility to obliterate crimes, which allowed no retribution. His last sighs were not breathed with the tranquillity of innocence, for fear stood arrayed in terrors before him.—Did I imagine the profligate would be touched at the picture, I would paint it in colours of truth and of horror; but as it would be needlessly wounding the bosom of sympathy, I will envail it in that obscurity, which hangs eternally over the final doom of the transgressor.

Cinthelia, whom habit, nature, and various reasons, had inspired with affection for her husband, was sincerely touched at his loss, and was directed to the country, to renovate her own health, which had considerably suffered. She had never valued the town, but now it became

became insupportable; and having been hurried through so many active scenes, her soul seemed to sigh for quiet and repose. Mr. Ranson, whose pride was gratified, in the fall of the Dolittles, and who had no acquaintance in the world he particularly valued, willingly accorded to her plan of residing wholly in the country.

Accordingly the town house was disposed of, and a little estate purchased in Kent, in the vicinity of the Briantons, where Cinthelia lived with her family, in the bosom of retirement and friendship.

About two years after this period the wife of Mr. Hervey died, from too large a dose of the *water of life*, and Hervey, after mature consideration, offered his hand once more to Cinthelia.

"Your offer," replied she, "is flattering,
"ing,

“ing, as it is not without a knowledge
“of my disposition; but I have now
“ties and engagements, which do not
“permit my accepting it.—Had I no
“children, probably I might have chosen
“you for a protector, a woman being
“ill calculated to buffet with the world
“alone; as it is, I cannot give my chil-
“dren another father, though it were
“Mr. Hervey; but permit me, sir, still
“to retain you as my friend and their
“friend.”

“Shall I,” said Hervey, “speak in
“my own favour?—I grant your objec-
“tions, were the candidate a stran-
“ger: but think you that I, who have
“already been a father to your children,
“should cease so to act, when they have
“a legal claim?”

Cinthelia blushed, and being unable
to return a definitive answer, she requir-

ed till a future day to reflect on his offer.

Before the arrival of that day, they were all agreeably surpris'd by the return of Major Watson, who, nearly worn out in the service, propos'd no other [war than offering to retire from action, and live on his half pay.

He embrac'd Cinthelia with tears of pleasure, and added his entreaties, that she would accept the hand of his friend Hervey. Thus assail'd by a veteran, who had never given up an attack, but against impossibilities, Cinthelia again became a wife, and Mr. Hervey, at length, found that matrimony, where there is a congeniality of disposition (though not without alloy) is the happiest situation on this side immortality.

Thus Cinthelia exhibited, in every situation,

situation, the perfection of the female character, so far as human nature can ascend; and though her fortune was to traverse, at an early period, through the most rugged paths of life, with a companion that added distresses to the way, by taking DUTY for her guide, she was never without internal satisfaction, and never could reproach herself with meriting the misfortunes she experienced.

FINIS.

